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The Outlook

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JANUARY 7, 1920

THE SECOND INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE

THE first Industrial Conference called by President Wilson to consider the causes and remedies for industrial unrest—or, in other words, the conflict between employers and employees—failed because the three groups composing the Conference could not agree. These three groups were specifically appointed by the President to represent labor, capital, and the public. This triple alliance having failed, the President appointed another Conference, whose members all represent the public, having no official or recognized affiliations with either organized labor or organized capital, except in so far as its Chairman, Mr. Wilson, Secretary of Labor in the President's Cabinet, may be thought to have a special interest in the welfare of organized wage-workers. Herbert Hoover is Vice-Chairman of the Conference, and its membership includes such names as those of ex-Governor Glynn, of New York (a Democrat); ex-Governor McCall, of Massachusetts (a Republican); Professor F. W. Taussig, of Harvard (a distinguished economist, politics unknown to us); ex-Ambassador Oscar Straus (who may be said to be a Roosevelt Democrat); and ex-Attorney-Generals George W. Wickersham and Thomas W. Gregory (the former a Republican, the latter a Democrat).

This new Industrial Conference, which convened at Washington on December 1, has just issued what it calls a "preliminary statement," which is brief, clear, and of a fine spirit. It begins with the utterance of a general principle, namely, that the complexity of modern life is such that we have lost "the spirit of human fellowship," which "was easier to maintain when two or three worked side by side and saw the completed product pass from their hands." There is a remedy for this loss:

> The right relationship between employer and employee in large industries can only be promoted by the deliberate organization of that relationship. Not only must the theory that labor is a commodity be abandoned, but the concept of leadership must be substituted for that of mastership. New machinery of democratic representation may be erected to suit the conditions of present industry and restore a measure of personal contact and a sense of responsibility between employer and employee. The more recent development of such machinery with the co-operation of organized labor is a hopeful sign. But back of any machinery must be the power which moves it. Human fellowship in industry may be either an empty phrase or a living fact. There is no magic formula. It can be a fact only if there is continuous and sincere effort for mutual understanding and an unfailing recognition that there is a community of interest between employer and employee.

The problem is to organize human fellowship in industry. Can that be done? The Conference thinks it can, and proposes a plan.

THE FELLOWSHIP PLAN OF THE INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE

THE CONFERENCE declares that it does not propose to do away with the right to strike, to discharge, or to maintain open or closed shops. Its plan is simply designed "to bring about a frank meeting of the interested parties and cool and calm consideration of the questions involved in association with other persons familiar with the industry. . . . It is different from anything in operation elsewhere. It is based upon American experience and designed to meet American conditions."

Having read thus far, the reader will be interested, as we were, to know the details of a plan springing from such a spirit of sympathy and common sense.

Taking its cue from the Federal Reserve Bank system, the Conference recommends the establishment of a "National Industrial Tribunal" of nine members to be nominated by the President and confirmed by the Senate; three shall represent employers and shall be recommended by the Secretary of Commerce; three shall represent labor and shall be recommended by the Secretary of Labor; and three shall represent the public, or consumers. The country shall be divided into twelve industrial regions, with a chairman and possibly vice-chairmen in each. Methods are provided for "Regional Boards of Adjustment" composed of employers and employees. If a Regional Board of Adjustment cannot unanimously settle a dispute, it may appeal to an umpire or to the National Industrial Tribunal at Washington. Unanimous decisions of the Regional Boards or the National Tribunal shall have all the force of trade agreements. In connection with the Regional Boards of Adjustment there are provisions for Regional Boards of Inquiry. In the work of inquiry and adjustment the Regional Boards and the National Tribunal shall have authority to subpœna and examine witnesses under oath and to require the production of all books and papers pertinent to the inquiry.

In a word, the plan conceives a simple system of democratic lay courts in which workmen shall sit as well as employers, with the right of appeal to a supreme lay body of workmen and employers at Washington. All decisions must be unanimous to be binding, and if a final unanimous decision cannot be reached the reasons for failure must be made public by both sides.

The Industrial Conference will reconvene in Washington on January 12 for the purpose of perfecting the plan of which we here can give only the outlines, and it asks for the constructive criticism and co-operation of all interested citizens.

The plan has the conspicuous merit of being the first concrete and easily understood proposal which has come out of the semi-official recognition by the Government that the relations between capital and labor in this country are in a state of flux and instability that requires sympathetic, public, and co-ordinated treatment.

If the steel and coal strikes could have been handled by Regional Boards of Inquiry, with the right to subpœna witnesses with books and papers, the public would at least have known the facts on official authority. And of the facts of these vital struggles, at least in their true relations, we are all—public, employers, and laborers—comparatively ignorant. The employers know one set of facts; the workers another set of facts; and the public is so confused that it can hardly tell what is fact and what is passion and prejudice.

WHOLESALE MURDER

DURING Christmas week an epidemic of deaths and total blindness from the drinking of wood alcohol swept over the Connecticut Valley. At least seventy-four deaths occurred in this particular region, and fatalities in Chicago, Cleveland, Memphis, and elsewhere are suspected as having been caused by shipments of this poison originating from the same source as that which brought death to New England.

Six arrests of men suspected of being responsible for the wholesale poisoning have been made in New York City, and one of these men, it is stated, has confessed his part in the atrocious crime.

It was to be expected that with the

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enforcement of prohibition sporadic deaths from wood alcohol poisoning would occur in various parts of the country, but if, as newspaper reports indicate, there has been deliberate sale in large quantities of wood alcohol as a drink by a group of criminals, the atrocity almost surpasses the imagination. The drinking of wood alcohol usually means either blindness or death. The man who distributes wood alcohol as a drink places himself in a class with the poisoners of the time of the Borgias, and is more sordid if his motives are purely mercenary.

THE ROOSEVELT AMERICA LEAGUE

THE Roosevelt Memorial Association intends to do something more than erect a monument of stone or bronze for the man whose name it bears. Its primary purpose is to perpetuate the living ideals for which Theodore Roosevelt stood.

As a primary step in its programme it is formulating a plan for the organization of a non-partisan Roosevelt America League in our schools and colleges. The purpose of this League, as stated in the announcement, is as follows:

> With Roosevelt's balance of physical vigor, mental energy, and civic responsibility as an example, the purpose of this organization would be, in general, to stimulate in schools and colleges the appreciation of the balance of body, brain, and spirit in the well-rounded man; and specifically
>
> 1. To help the feeble body to become strong;
> 2. To encourage the eager mind to find expression; and,
> 3. In the spirit of Roosevelt's practical idealism, to develop intelligent patriotism and the understanding of the duties and opportunities of American citizenship.

The League is to be organized in elementary schools, in secondary schools, and in colleges and universities. A broad plan for the activities of this League has been drawn up by a committee which includes John H. Finley, the New York State Commissioner of Education; Martin H. Glynn, a Democratic ex-Governor of New York; Albert Bushnell Hart, Professor of Government at Harvard University, and Hermann Hagedorn, the Secretary of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

In each instance a threefold plan for elementary schools, secondary schools, colleges and universities has been laid down, covering physical, intellectual, and civic endeavor. The physical programme for elementary schools, for instance, covers encouragement of general athletics, constant stimulation toward the improvement of the physically undeveloped, hikes and camping trips, and the establishment of summer camps. There is the ultimate intention of establishing a National summer camp on the site of Theodore Roosevelt's Chimney Butte ranch on the Little Missouri, attendance at this camp being limited to boys who have been awarded special scholarships for conspicuous self-development.

In secondary schools the intellectual programme covers in part a discussion of large National questions, the encouragement of research in outdoor lore, general information tests, and the collection of libraries on Roosevelt, and on local, State, and National history.

In colleges and universities the civic programme covers, among other things, the study and discussion of the machinery of the National Government, and the critical examination under expert direction of the Constitution of the State in which the particular college is located. It includes definite Americanization work, such as the preparation of careful surveys of social, political, and industrial conditions in the vicinity, with special emphasis on the Americanization of the alien.

The whole programme, as laid down, seems to us remarkably well considered. It is put forward, however, only as a tentative programme for discussion and suggestion. Teachers and professors are urged to write at once to Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, and secure the complete outline of this programme. Their co-operation is earnestly invited in the improvement and application of the plan proposed.

THE PRESS AND THE AMERICAN LEGION

RELYING on a confessedly unverified newspaper despatch, the "New Republic" in its issue of December 17 said: "Lawlessness in the Legion reached a point last week that should startle even the most complacent leaders of the organization into an appreciation of the dangerous drift they are tolerating. . . . If such action is not repudiated by responsible leaders of the organization, the American Legion might as well abandon the conviction that it represents anything but the organized hoodlumism of the country."

In its issue of December 24 the "New Republic" admitted that the five men guilty of the disorder which it condemned in the previous week were acting on their own responsibility, but, it continued, "The five members, however, had good precedent for their action. The Legion is busy with raids and riots in various parts of the country." In the following week, December 31, the "New Republic" unbent enough to praise Commander Franklin D'Olier for coming officially out against a policy of molesting civil liberties. To praise the Commander of the American Legion for such an act is as superfluous as praising an American citizen who comes out for manhood suffrage.

The whole course of the "New Republic's" criticism of the Legion lends point to a recent editorial in the "American Legion Weekly" in which that journal appeals to the press of the country to discriminate between the acts of individual members of the Legion and the policy of the Legion as a whole. As the "American Legion Weekly" says:

> If an agitator is mobbed by an ill-advised crowd, the enterprising reporter too often need only see a couple of Legion buttons or an olive drab shirt to fasten his account of the occurrence upon the American Legion. It means a better "story" that way. The mere fact that the Legion as such had not a thing to do with the affair, the mere fact that the American Legion as such is the unswerving advocate of law and order and opposes mob violence in any and every form, is lost sight of in the thirst for sensational news values.

The platform of the Legion is restated in the same editorial:

> The Legion is committed to the principle that violence does not beget law and order. Things are entirely in the public hands in America. Normal processes provide a cure for every evil, political, industrial, and social. The American Legion is interested in seeing that the orderly processes whereby equality, justice, and democracy are vouchsafed do not languish through the indifference of the public and its servants. American ideals need no improvements, but their attainment requires stimulation. The American Legion will always apply this stimulating process in an orderly and lawful manner, whether in deleting negligent public servants or suppressing the anarchistic philosophy of imported or home-grown defectives.
>
> We look forward to the day when the term "law and order" and the term "American Legion" will be inseparably associated in the public mind.

It is the duty of every Legionnaire to live up to this platform, and it is also the duty of the public press to discriminate between the acts of irresponsible individuals and the acts of the organization which is most truly representative of the ideals of the veterans of the war. Failure to discriminate will lay any journal open to the charge of preferring to believe evil rather than good of the mass of men who served under the flag.

MR. ROCKEFELLER'S LATEST GIFT

HALF a century ago Clevelanders who saw John D. Rockefeller in his high buggy driving down Euclid Avenue little thought that one day he would become a millionaire. They would have regarded it as incredible that he would become so much a millionaire as to be able to give away a hundred million dollars "at a clip." Yet he has just done

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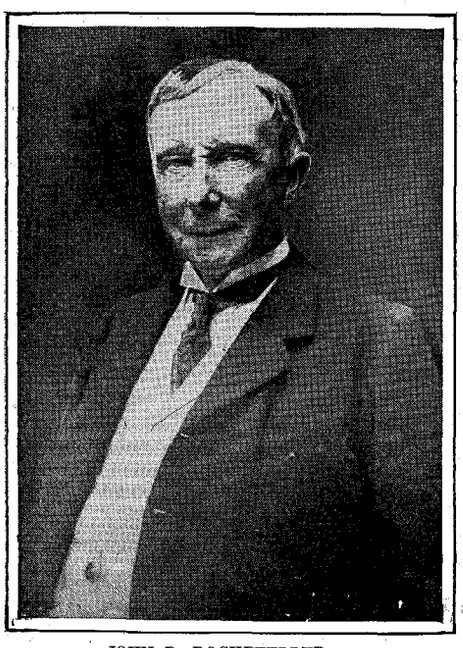
that. He has crowned his previous benefactions by the largest recorded philanthropic single gift in history.

Half of it goes to the Rockefeller Foundation and half to the General Education Board, also a Rockefeller institution. The major function of the Rockefeller Foundation has been to promote health. Its comprehensive activity is reflected, first, by the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research. Then, in twelve States—and, indeed, in fifteen foreign countries—the Foundation has been battling the hookworm disease. Its experiments in controlling malaria through co-operation with the Public Health Societies have brought convincing results. So have the experiments in the after-care of infantile paralysis cases. The Foundation is also campaigning against tuberculosis in France and against yellow fever in Ecuador. It has built a large and thoroughly equipped medical college at Peking and is beginning another at Shanghai. It grants about a hundred fellowships to foreign scholars who are pursuing courses in American medical centers. It contributed during the war some $22,000,000 to war-work agencies.

The Foundation's work is sometimes confused with that of the Carnegie Institution, founded to encourage general investigation, research, and discovery. The Carnegie Institution works specifidally for the promotion of science, while the Rockefeller Foundation is a fund by which Mr. Rockefeller has organized his benevolence.

KEEP THE TEACHERS TEACHING

As the first half of Mr. Rockefeller's latest gift will be used to combat disease, so the second half will be used to increase teachers' salaries. The donor will thus help both body and mind.



JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

The General Education Board has been aiding American institutions of learning by making contributions to their endowments conditional upon the raising of additional supplementary sums by the institutions thus favored. But this particular gift to it is to go for a very definite object. In these times of enormously augmented cost of living nothing is more evident than that salaries in the teaching profession must be increased if men and women are to remain in that profession and if younger men and women are to be induced to enter it. Mr. Rockefeller's provision to this end reads as follows:

> I should cordially indorse a decision to use the principal as well as the income as promptly and largely as may seem wise for the purpose of co-operating with the higher institutions of learning in raising sums specifically devoted to the increase of teachers' salaries.

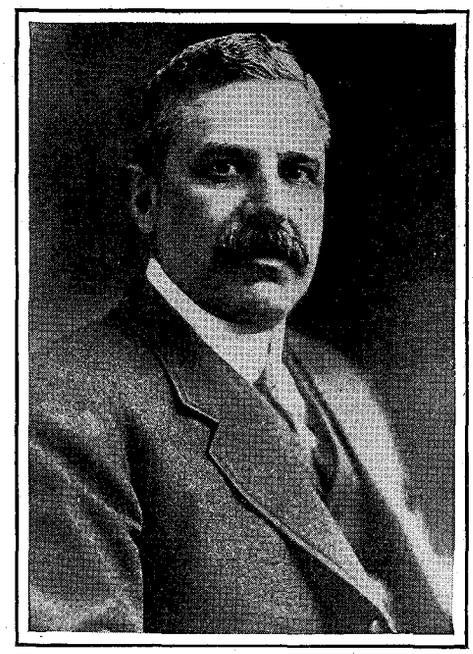
As with the Rockefeller Foundation and the Carnegie Institution, so the work of the General Education Board and the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching are sometimes confounded. The latter institution has two distinct functions, educational inquiry and payment of retiring allowances to college professors and of pensions to their widows.

In 1855 Mr. Rockefeller, then on a salary of seventeen dollars a month, paid from it for his board, clothes, and laundry, and, in especial, did two other things with it—he saved and he gave. He has been saving and giving ever since.

THE COST OF LIVING IN LAWRENCE

LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS, is a great cotton and woolen manufacturing center. About half the town's operatives are employed by the American Woolen Company. It works about thirty mills. The company's President is William Madison Wood, a Massachusetts man by birth and education. Beginning as a clerk in a mill office, he worked his way up until he now controls the largest worsted mills in the world. He is fifty-eight years old.

During the Lawrence strike and the subsequent dynamite trouble in 1912 and 1913 Mr. Wood was probably the best-hated man in the place. Nevertheless the other day many thousand operatives greeted him with well-nigh frantic enthusiasm at the railway station and accompanied him through the streets cheering and singing in a monster demonstration. Seven years ago the operatives thought Mr. Wood their enemy; now they are sure he is their friend. Seven years ago they were thinking of the cost of living



WILLIAM M. WOOD

in terms of hours and wages of labor. To-day they are, for the most part, thinking of the cost of living in terms of the prices charged by the retail merchants of Lawrence.

Every one knows that prices have gone up unconscionably, but the Lawrence operatives have a suspicion that a part of this is pure profiteering. They protested first to the retail merchants of Lawrence, and, not getting relief, then to the President of the American Woolen Company. He replied, as reported, that if the local merchants did not cut down their prices he would erect a great store and supply goods at cost. Hence the enthusiasm of the Lawrence operatives.

Mr. Wood was wise, however, in seeking after his arrival a conference with the local merchants. The result has not yet been announced, so far as we know, and the conference may still be continuing. It will be interesting to learn whether some of the merchants at the conference have been protesting against the gains made by the company itself, and claim that because they have to pay large profits to the woolen trust they must in turn charge their customers more for woolen suits.

No matter how the local merchants and the head of the great industry ultimately settle matters, the fact remains that the problem of price-profiteering is complex enough to call for investigation of the producing, transporting, wholesaling, and retailing factors.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DAVID P. BARROWS, just elected President of the University of California, is a man of marked energy. This was shown in his recent criticism of our schools to the effect that Bolshevism was

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DAVID P. BARROWS
PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

becoming rampant in them; indeed, some say that partly because of this vigorous stand he was chosen President. He has been one of the three officers of instruction who have been practically managing the University since ex-President Wheeler's withdrawal.

Dr. Barrows has occupied the chair of Political Science, has a thorough knowledge of California, and has taken an active part in State affairs. He is a ready speaker, with vigorous oratory, and appreciates the political side of the university extension movement. He has also had an interesting service in the Philippines as Superintendent of Schools at Manila, and a very creditable history during the war, when he was in the Federal service in connection with important administrative work in this country.

While he has a good scholarly background, Dr. Barrows, it is expected, will be a President of the popular rather than of the scholarly type.

THE WAYFARER

THE CHURCH may be said to be the father of the English drama. Long before the days of "Ralph Roister Doister" or "Gammer Gurton's Needle," it recognized the powerful appeal to the human mind and heart that lies in the acted scene. But if the church—using that word in its broadest sense—is the father of the drama, it must be confessed that throughout a greater part of the latter's career it has regarded the drama as a prodigal (an entirely unforgiven) son. The loss has been borne by both sides. The stage has suffered morally; the church has suffered humanly. The stage has lost a great field for action; the church has abandoned a powerful weapon.

It is interesting to speculate as to whether or not the religious spectacle "The Wayfarer," which has filled Madison Square Garden, in New York City, for five weeks, is evidence of a new and vital tendency, or whether it represents merely a detached incident. It is under the auspices of the Interchurch World Movement that this huge drama has been produced. It tells the story of the age-old warfare between the forces of material power and the forces of spirit and faith. The opening scene finds the Wayfarer, accompanied by the allegorical figures of Despair and Understanding, standing in a ruined Belgian town. Despair tells the Wayfarer that this destruction represents the triumph of materialism. Understanding invites the Wayfarer, who is the symbol of Humanity, to return with her along the road of Time in order that he may understand the significance of even such a disaster as that of ruined Belgium.

The scene shifts to the Babylonian captivity of the Jews, a time when only a few of the faithful still believed in the coming of a Messiah. Then the scene shifts again to the birth of Christ. His ministry, his trial, his crucifixion, and his resurrection are all successfully and skillfully indicated without the appearance of Christ himself upon the stage.

The stage settings throughout are remarkably successful. The music is in every way adequate, save that the mass singing hardly seemed to have the volume which the situation at times requires. But Madison Square Garden is acoustically a difficult auditorium.

The part of the Wayfarer is played by Walter Hampden, who played the part of Manson in "The Servant in the House" and whose Hamlet has been declared by many critics to be the best of the present day. The huge size of the spectacle gave him little opportunity for effective acting, but his sonorous voice played a powerful part in the success of the drama. Understanding was played by Miss Blanche Yurka, who has appeared in many leading rôles on Broadway, and whose personality, voice, and appearance were well adapted to the part.

WALTER HAMPDEN IN "THE WAYFARER"
(FLANDERS—THE PROLOGUE)

Those who are familiar with the various types of audiences which New York City can produce at a moment's notice, recognized the great throngs which nightly filled the seats in the auditorium of Madison Square Garden as a representative part of New York City's "home folks." And New York City, popular opinion west of the Hudson to the contrary, has as large a proportion of this genuinely American element as any section of the country. New York City's home folks represent the best and most enduring element in its population, and they were plainly very much moved by this new venture in religious drama. It is to be hoped that this successful effort of the Interchurch World Movement will not be without its successors.

AN APPROPRIATE MEMORIAL

IN FRANCE lie some 60,000 American dead—war dead.

In the Avenue George V in Paris stands the American Church of the Holy Trinity, the largest American church abroad. As those who have been in Paris know, its pews and ministrations have been free to every American. Thousands in khaki, blue, and Marine green have worshiped there—for some of them it was their last church service. Through its doors all that was earthly of many war heroes has been borne out, wrapped in the folds of the American flag, to a last camping-ground. There the Memorial Day and other National services have been held.

These things, and the fact that this church is the only American building in France to lend itself to a really worthy plan of memorials to our hero dead, have made many feel that it should be an American Memorial Church of the great war in France. There is but one other American church in Paris, namely, the smaller church in the Rue de Berri; its pastor and people have a prominent part in all services at Holy Trinity and indorse this war memorial plan.

The plan contemplates the continuance of the Annual Memorial and Armistice Day services in remembrance of Americans fallen in the war; the erection of two great tablets in memory respectively of the American dead and the dead of America's allies, and of tablets to the Army Combat Divisions, the Navy, Aviation, Engineers, and Ambulance Corps, the Lafayette Escadrille, the American Red Cross, the two Y's, the

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Harding in the Brooklyn Eagle

"WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?"

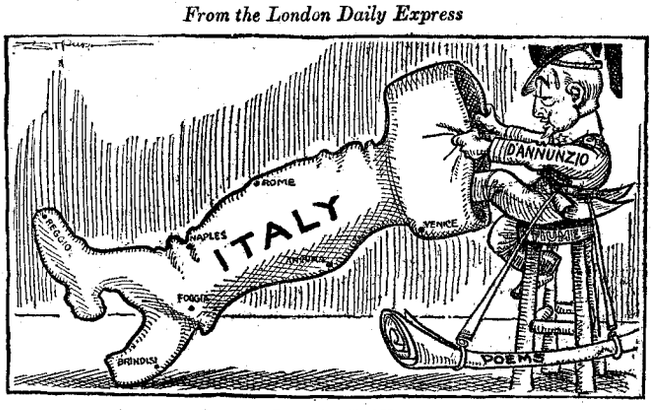
Kirby in the New York World

STILL INFLATING IT

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"TENTIN' ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND"

From the London Daily Express



TRYING IT ON

Cobb in Blighty (London)

The New Poor: "I say, you've dropped this pound note."
The New Rich: "That's all right, matey. Keep it for yer honesty."

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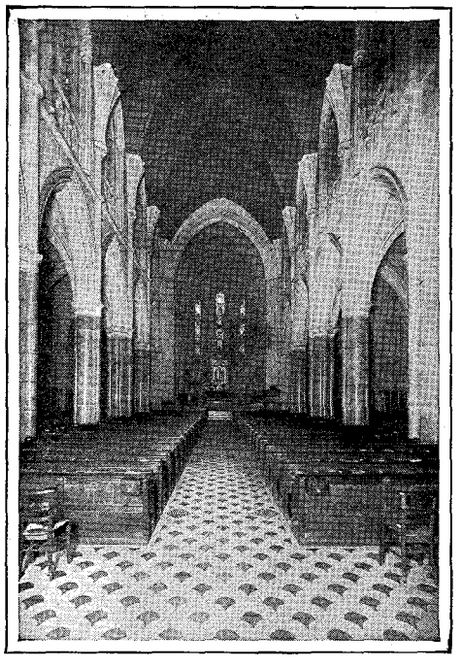

THE AMERICAN CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, PARIS

Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Board, and the Salvation Army; the display of American standards and flags; the keeping of Gold Star books to contain records, with place of burial, of members of the A. E. F. open to all; finally, the raising from patriotic Americans, Gold-Starred families, churches, Sunday schools, and others of a Memorial Endowment Fund to perpetuate this center of Christian influence and work. The plan has been indorsed, among other distinguished authorities, by Generals Pershing, Liggett, Bullard, Wood, and Barnett, and by Admirals Sims, Wilson, and Knapp.

A campaign among Americans in France assures $100,000. Americans at home, we believe, will as readily subscribe the half million sought here. Some will do so in memory of those "over there," and others in thanksgiving for those "over here."

THE "PICTURE BRIDE"

VOLUNTARILY the Japanese living in California have decided to end the institution known as "picture marriage." In so doing the Japanese Association of California explains that "'picture marriage' is a misnomer, and that it is not so simple a process as the term apparently indicates. When a Japanese living in America desires to marry, but is prevented by various reasons from going home, he writes to his parents and asks them to find a suitable woman for his bride. The parents, following the usual customs and rules, fix on an eligible person. Then they intimate to the girl's parents that they are desirous of securing her marriage to their son in America. The parents on either side spare no pains in inquiring into the character, social standing, family relations, genealogy, health, and education of the young man and woman. If this investigation proves satisfactory both to the parents and to the prospective groom and bride, the man in America sends his photograph to the woman and receives her photograph in exchange. This 'interview' through photographs proving satisfactory to both parties, the nuptial knot is tied at a ceremonial dinner at which the groom, living in America, is naturally absent, but which is attended by the bride and the parents and relatives of both sides. This done, the parents register the marriage with the proper authorities. This marriage has been regarded as valid by both the Japanese and American Governments."

The number of "picture brides" has never been very large. During the period from 1912 to 1918 the annual average was 658, while in the first nine months of the present year 465 Japanese girls were selected by their photographs to come to America.

In announcing its belief that the practice of "picture marriage" ought to be relinquished the Japanese Association of California declares that this practice "is not only in contravention of the accepted American conception of marriage, but is also out of harmony with the growing ideals of the Japanese themselves."

That is to say, this voluntary action by the Japanese of California is another indication both of the development of Western standards among this Oriental people and of the unwillingness of the Japanese unnecessarily to offend American feelings.

EIGHT DAYS FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS

ONE of the virtues most roundly condemned by the anti-American, anti-patriotic, anti-progressive radical is thrift. Among Serious Thinkers of revolutionary tastes, parlor Bolshevists, thrift is detested; it is so bourgeois, you know. The thrifty person has a stake in the Nation; and that gives material stability to his patriotism; he has property, which tends to make him cautious about engaging in revolution. So in the red radical's code thrift is a most vicious virtue.

Such Americans, therefore, as are willing to dare the radical's scorn of the conventional by advocating Americanism will find a good opportunity in Thrift Week, which begins on January 17. For several weeks there have been preparations under way to make those days a real "drive" on behalf of Ben Franklin's favorite form of moral excellence. And, most appropriately, that drive starts on Ben Franklin's birthday.

It is not to be a mere campaign of exhortation to thrift in general terms, but a week of instruction in particular forms of Thrift. Each day of Thrift Week is to be devoted to some special means or method of practicing thrift:

Saturday—The Bank.
Sunday—Sharing with Others.
Monday—Life Insurance.
Tuesday—Owning your Own Home.
Wednesday—Making a Will.
Thursday—Factory Thrift.
Friday—Family Budget.
Saturday—Paying Bills Promptly.

Behind this movement for Thrift Week is the Young Men's Christian Association. Local Thrift Week Committees have been organized in various parts of the country; and there is a Y. M. C. A. National Thrift Committee, of which Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, of New York, is chairman.

The Committee comprises such men as Governor Allen, of Kansas; Mr. Homer L. Ferguson, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Mr. James P. Holland, President of the New York State Federation of Labor, and others of like distinction. Inquiries addressed to the Secretary of the National Thrift Week Committee, 347 Madison

JAPANESE "PICTURE BRIDES"

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Avenue, New York City, will, we are sure, elicit information.

Employed in this conspiracy of exalting a humble virtue are a number of groups of very practical people who are engaged in the business—and the service—of promoting thrift. These are bankers' associations, loan associations, real estate boards, credit men's associations, life underwriters, and so on. These are the people whose prosperity depends on laying foundations firm for other people's prosperity.

We warn all reds, and radicals, and revolutionaries to look out for bad weather for them from January 17 to 24.

STARVING PEOPLES

IN VIENNA there is a daily average of but a few crumbs of bread per person. There is no milk except what the American Relief Administration takes; in consequence most of the children under three years are dying. The death rate among older persons is also appalling. Conditions almost as bad exist in other parts of Europe and the Near East.

The peoples of all the starving countries look to us for salvation, as well they may, for the American Relief Administration had already shipped stocks of food from this country and established central storehouses for relief. The head of the Relief Administration, Mr. Herbert Hoover, suggests co-operation between it and the hundreds of thousands of Americans of varied national descent included in the membership of the Inter-Racial Council. Naturally they are poignantly interested in the support of the particular storehouses and organizations which the American Relief Administration has built up on the other side. Food drafts bought in America will be sent to designated individuals, and when presented at the storehouses the equivalent value of foodstuffs will be delivered. Many others besides members of the Inter-Racial Council might well take note of this.

In a letter to Representative Fordney, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in the House of Representatives, Mr. Glass, Secretary of the Treasury, also requests assistance especially for starving Poland, Austria, and Armenia. He would supply food on Government credit, and, what is more, he would allow the payment of interest due on our loans to any of our allies to be deferred as a means of hastening their economic rehabilitation. They cannot pay at present. Even if exchange were normal, they could not pay.

The Secretary is right. We need not only to meet the present exigency; we must also take into consideration the reestablishment of industries. The ultimate problem before us is not one of charity but of putting the peoples in a position to help themselves. To save the starving is a first duty; but we must also make a way for the nations to obtain the means for paying their bills, and that means a renouncing for the present of interest due and a long-dated credit to allow for the restarting of industries.

Thus the double emergency appeals to us from the standpoints both of humanity and of public policy. We must save human life, but we must also safeguard the world's economic future.

A JOINT MEMORIAL

DURING the war the late Herbert Ward, the English sculptor, contributed an article to The Outlook in which he described his life at Gérardmer, that picturesque little town in the Vosges Mountains where he was invalided for a time.

Mr. Ward was one of the most efficient workers in the English automobile ambulance corps. He said in The Outlook:

> At Gérardmer, where we were billeted, each morning at dawn there occurred the same sad ceremony; the same line of stretcher-bearers, carrying to the cemetery the bodies of those who had died in the hospitals during the night. Sad enough it was; and rendered even more touching by the accompaniment of orphan children from Sœur Claire's orphanage near by, dressed in black hats and caps. Each morning at dawn they fulfilled this sad mission. "What could be more fitting," Sœur Claire said to me, "than for these children, who are already parentless, to represent the new orphans and to follow the lonely bodies of the soldiers to the grave?"

This town of Gérardmer was later to be the scene of American participation in the war. The American Fifth, Sixth, and Thirty-fifth Divisions and the Twentieth Engineers had their headquarters there. Of their total number a captain, a lieutenant, and seventy-six soldiers lie buried in the local cemetery. Last Memorial Day sixty little children of St. Joseph's Orphanage, whose fathers were killed in the war and whose mothers died before the children came under the lovely influence of the devoted Sister Claire and the Sister Superior and her faithful coadujutors, decorated with reverent honor the seventy-eight graves of our American dead.

The 152d French Regiment of Infantry is still stationed at Gérardmer—a gallant regiment which defended the mountainous frontier of the Vosges at the beginning of the war. Later the regiment fought victoriously with our own soldiers at Château Thierry, in the Champagne, and elsewhere. As a result of these latter successes they were awarded the *fourragère* with the green and yellow of the ribbon of the Military Medal. Colonel Barrard with the 152d Regiment also visited the cemetery on Memorial Day and made an address, in the course of which he said:

> Remember what America has done! . . . America threw into the combat close to two million soldiers, and along with her soldiers the inestimable moral support of her faith in right and justice. America remembered generously the comparatively small group of French who with Lafayette fought for her own independence. But better far than that. Her soldiers came to France to fight for an ideal as the crusaders went forth in ancient days—a crusade of right against might. Of the two million Americans who came to fight by our side, seventy thousand at least sleep in our cemeteries or on our fields of battle. The French army, which has seen them fight and die so valiantly, bows before their graves, mingling a common tribute for America's heroes and our own.

Of course the American soldiers who sleep their last at Gérardmer sleep alongside very many of this famous French regiment, and in the monuments to be erected to their memory an American memorial stone is to be placed. Contributions are requested. Mr. Dudley Lewis, the American Director of the Foyer de Soldats at Gérardmer, says in a personal letter to The Outlook:

> I have greatly desired to send the American people this appeal—especially in New York, for the American soldiers from New York who were in this vicinity write that they met here the best French people and they remember this region with the greatest pleasure. Not only, as you realize, have the French people little money with which to commemorate their noble dead, but an additional reason which prompts me to ask your co-operation in making known this appeal is the thought that surely many Americans will *welcome* an opportunity to express our gratitude for the wonderful service rendered by one of France's bravest regiments.

FELLOWSHIPS IN FRENCH UNIVERSITIES

DURING the month of November, among other passengers, seven American young men and one American young woman sailed for France. The Society for American Fellowships in French Universities had awarded fellowships to them and also to four others who were unable to accept by reason of having entered upon other engagements for the year.

The fellowships have an annual value of one thousand dollars. They are granted for one year and are renewable for a second year. The applicants, men or women, must be citizens of the United States, at least twenty years old, and must be either graduates of a college requiring four years' study for a degree, or graduates of a professional school requir-

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ing three years' study, or must be twenty-four years of age and have spent five years in an industrial establishment.

The studies in which the awards were made are history, education, mathematics, medicine, archæology, philology, geology, chemistry, psychology, and sociology.

The Society for American Fellowships in French Universities was founded some three years ago with a view to providing for graduates of American universities the advantages and privileges in France that the Rhodes scholarships offer in England. The purpose of Cecil Rhodes was to make his scholarships the means not only of disseminating British culture throughout the world, but especially to cement friendship between Great Britain and other nations. With the same high motives the American Society hopes and expects to make French culture better known here, and to bring the two nations into closer and more sympathetic understanding. Every friend of education, every friend of France, and every friend of international comity will, we believe, watch the work of this Society with increasing appreciation.

DULUTH A SEAPORT

At a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at St. Louis last spring it was resolved that, as existing facilities are inadequate to meet the increasing need of the Nation, "we urge that Congress provide for a comprehensive system of waterways."

A comprehensive system. That necessarily includes the Great Lakes – St. Lawrence problem.

Our Great Lakes, now land-locked, bear a commerce of some 90,000,000 tons yearly—that is to say, 90,000,000 tons at the Sault Ste. Marie locks between Lakes Superior and Huron, but a greater traffic, further down, in the Detroit River. Thus the Lakes have already shown some of the potentiality inherent in their location.

But the potentiality is far greater than anything yet achieved. What would be the effect if the shores of the Lakes were made a seacoast instead of a lake coast, with a fair road to the world's markets?

This query animates the populations of fifteen of our States in the heart of the continent, whose industries and trade would be affected if this possibility became a probability. These States have one-third the area, one-third the population, and one-third the wealth of the country. They produce seven-eighths of our iron, three-fourths of our wheat, two-thirds of our corn, and half of our wool. Moreover, they possess two-thirds of our measured coal reserves and have predominance in copper, zinc, and lead.

The Middle West, represented by these fifteen States, is cramped. It cannot move its goods when in season. It cannot even produce up to its capacity for want of a transportation system which would fit its production. It reaches the sea through the Mississippi or through the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. The latter is the wider gate. Open it to its full width and depth and our Middle West production is made very much more accessible to the world's markets.

We are glad to note that Congress has already asked the Canadian Government to consider, through the International Joint Commission, a plan in which the two nations can unite.

THE OUTLINE OF CURRENT HISTORY

With this the first number of the new year, The Outlook resumes the publication of the Weekly Outline of Current History which was familiar to our readers until the strike interrupted regular publication. As its new main title, "This Week's Outlook," indicates, it will from now on, under the continuance of Mr. Gathany's direction, be printed in the issue with which it deals.

WORLD UNREST AND THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

The world is in the midst of a period of anxious and critical unrest. Every one recognizes the fact. International relations are strained. War is still going on in many parts of the world and is threatened in many others. Vast strikes have disorganized industry and threaten literally to disrupt it. As a result of the World War every civilized country, including our own, is staggering under an incredible burden of debt. Enormous taxes and enormous waste and extravagance go hand in hand. A large part of Europe is facing actual starvation and a large part of our own population is struggling desperately against an appalling high cost of living. Great bodies of men, in legislatures as well as in every-day life, are interrupting their useful and productive work, which was never so needed as at this moment, to wrangle and argue with each other as to who is responsible for the situation we are in.

What is the remedy? Force? Assassination? Deportation? Opening the jails? Putting more men in jail? Abolishing the police? Giving the police more power? Higher wages? Lower prices? Stronger government control? Less meddling in private affairs by government? Revolution? Repression? Free speech? Sedition laws? Strikes? Compulsory service? Class consciousness and class struggle? Abolition of class legislation? Protection of private property? Nationalization of all property?

Clamorous and conflicting voices advocate all these things, and those who see in this confusion of ideas and actions a symptom of disintegrating civilization find themselves sometimes on the verge of despondency.

But, happily, the spiritual power and aspirations of man, as all recorded history shows, are greater than the materialistic and selfish ambitions that are continually urging him into conflict and struggle with his fellows. In all the great crises of civilization the world has been saved, not by material prosperity, but by spiritual regeneration. If we are to be saved this time, it is by the cultivation of spiritual power, not by the application of material force.

It is of considerable significance that, during the Christmas season through which we have just passed, the statement of the truth that true political, industrial, and social peace can be founded only upon a real spiritual awakening of mankind should have been made in three forms that arrest the attention because of the voices that gave them utterance. One was spoken by the head of perhaps the most powerful ecclesiastical organization in the world; one, by a high officer of state of perhaps the most powerful nation in the world; and one, by a body of industrial economists who are dealing with the labor problem in a way that may mean much to the entire world.

On Christmas Day the head of the Roman Catholic Church, his Holiness the Pope, said to a deputation of cardinals, patriarchs, and bishops in Rome:

> Peace cannot be obtained by the individual and by mankind if there is not order in both. There is no order without an acknowledgment of the dominion of God over his creatures. Order also requires a mastery of spirit over matter and a practical, sincere love of man for his neighbor.

On Christmas Day Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State for the United States said in a public statement to the American people:

> Christendom on the 25th day of December celebrates the anniversary of the birth of an era which gave to mankind a divine message of peace and those principles which have been the foundation stones of modern progress and civilization. . . . The world, with conscience awakened by the fiery ordeal through which it has passed, should find renewed hope that Christian principles will triumph and become the dominant force in the affairs of men and nations.

In Christmas week the Industrial Conference at Washington issued a document in which it officially stated the belief of its members, among whom are Catho

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lics, Protestants, and Jews, that the only true basis of industrial peace is the revival of "the spirit of human fellowship."

Jesus of Nazareth, in honor of whose birthday and spirit Christmas Day is celebrated, did not formulate a theology, a ritual, or a creed. He taught a principle and inspired a spirit of life. That principle, which, as Mr. Lansing says, we now call the Christian principle, Jesus told his disciples had been enunciated by the old Jewish prophets before him. "The first and great commandment," said Jesus, quoting from the old Hebrew writings, "is, 'Love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' and the second is like unto it, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

The prophet Micah gave expression to the same principle when he said in an immortal phrase which was a favorite of Theodore Roosevelt's: "O man, what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Justice, mercy, consideration for the rights and welfare of others, a deep desire to promote human fellowship, and a humble recognition of a Power in the universe not ourselves which makes for righteousness—this is the true Christmas spirit, and only in this spirit can a real and lasting peace be established and the world find relief from its unrest.

LABOR AND THE RAILWAYS

A STRIKE is not always a strike. It is sometimes mutiny; and sometimes it is treason.

A ship is loading at a pier. The men who are carrying the goods aboard her, having vainly demanded better pay, quit work. That is a strike. The public tolerates it because the men's quarrel is with their employers, and the strike is the only effective method they can use in bringing pressure on the other side.

Then, when loaded, that ship leaves the pier and sails for the open sea. In midocean the sailors, dissatisfied with their pay, make their demands to the captain with the threat to quit work. As in the case with the men loading the ship, the strike is the only method to which these men can resort to enforce their demands. But what happens? The captain and officers of the ship, with the help of the passengers, overpower the leaders of the sailors and put them in irons, and at the point of the pistol force the remainder of the crew back to work. Such a strike is not called a strike. It is mutiny. The difference is that the quarrel of the sailors has ceased to be primarily a quarrel with their employers, and by imperiling the very lives of the whole ship's company, including the strikers themselves, has become a quarrel with the community.

When a group of workmen in a factory lay down their tools in the attempt to assert their will, their action is called a strike. When a company of soldiers in the face of the enemy lay down their arms to enforce their will, their action is called treason.

Sailors in midocean have no right to strike. Soldiers in the presence of the enemy have no right to strike. The most ardent agitators for the loosest kind of liberty would unite to suppress a mutiny of sailors on shipboard that threatens the safety of the ship, and have been most rigorous in enforcing discipline among fighting troops. Whatever theorists may say, in practice the right to strike is a limited right.

The boundary which that right may not pass is that which surrounds public safety. The principle has been stated concisely by Calvin Coolidge in words which are not likely to be too often repeated:

"There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, any time."

In the case of an ordinary industrial strike there may be a threat to public convenience, but there is no threat to public safety. But when the police of a city desert their posts, they are not like factory employees walking out of their shops; they are like soldiers deserting the line. In Boston the lesson was driven home.

As essential to the public safety as the maintenance of order is the maintenance of transportation. There is no question about this. If the railways of the country were to cease operation for a week, the ensuing misery would be unimaginable; and if prolonged, the paralysis of traffic would have consequences comparable to invasion by the ruthless Hun. The men, therefore, who keep our trains running are in a position very different from that of factory employees. A strike by them is not primarily to be regarded as a strike against employers, but as a strike against a whole community. The status of the railway man is like that of a sailor on the high seas.

It is doubtful whether the men composing the great railway brotherhoods, or even their leaders, understand fully the nature of the position they hold. They seem to resent as an infringement upon their rights any proposition to make a railway strike unlawful. It is certain that if the American people believe there is any danger of a general railway strike, they will take measures to put such a strike in the category of mutiny, insurrection, or even treason.

There is now before Congress a bill, known as the Cummins Bill, which contains among its forty-seven sections the following paragraph (which we understand has been slightly modified in phraseology from its original form as here presented):

> If two or more persons enter into any combination or agreement with the intent substantially to hinder, restrain, or prevent the movement of commodities or persons in Interstate Commerce; or enter into any combination or agreement which substantially hinders, restrains, or prevents the movement of commodities or persons in Interstate Commerce; such persons so combining and agreeing shall be deemed guilty of a conspiracy and shall be punished by a fine not exceeding $500 or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or by both such fine and imprisonment; *Provided*, That nothing herein shall be taken to deny to any individual the right to quit his employment for any reason.

This provision is the storm center of the discussion surrounding the proposed legislation which must be passed within the next two months. The President by proclamation has postponed the return of the railways from Government control, as exercised during the war, to private management, so that instead of handing over the railways on January 1, as he once expected to do, he will hand them over on March 1. But the problem is too complex for such public debate as will be possible within sixty days; and public debate is necessary if it is to be solved in accordance with an enlightened public opinion. Even the experts of Congress are not agreed on certain important questions involved. They are not agreed as to the question whether both the quasi-judicial and the administrative functions involved in governmental regulation of the railways shall continue to be combined in one commission or shall be separated, so that the Inter-State Commerce Commission shall be quasi-judicial and a new body shall exercise the purely administrative function. They are not agreed as to the important questions of railway finance. They are not agreed as to other important questions of the acute railway problem. Above all, they are not agreed as to this most important item of the human factor—the status of the railway employee.

Whatever measure is decided upon before the first of March, we believe that it is important that no action shall be taken which will convey the impression that the American people are disposed to relinquish absolute control over their own highways. Government operation is not essential to popular control. Indeed, it is fairly clear that the American people are not willing to continue for any length of time the experiment of Government operation. But as the American people decided, long before governmental management began, that their highways should not be subject to the unregulated will of capital, so we are convinced that the American people now will not allow

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their highways to fall under the unregulated control of labor.

ON MEDALS

ADMIRAL SIMS'S refusal of a Distinguished Service Medal on the ground that naval awards for service had been unfairly distributed by the Secretary of the Navy has started a controversy of very great human interest. The fact that other officers have, since Admiral Sims's refusal, followed his example, indicates a very general dissatisfaction within the Naval service with the methods by which medals and awards have been distributed. The award which has caused most feeling is apparently that of a Distinguished Service Medal to the commander of a destroyer who, through no fault of his own, lost his ship in an attack by a German submarine. This officer was blown overboard by an exploding torpedo and was saved from drowning by one of his junior officers at imminent risk to the latter's life. The junior officer got nothing. The incident has not lost interest from the fact that the commander is a brother-in-law of the Secretary of the Navy. It is apparently the opinion of Admiral Sims and his associates that if any medal is worth having it must be justly given. Every case of favoritism or apparent favoritism lessens the value of a medal in the eyes of those who know. But the whole question is one much broader than any controversy over particular awards.

It is impossible that all medals should be fairly earned. The human factor which governs their distribution is too large. In the first place, opportunities for heroism and achievement are unequal. And, more than that, opportunities for bringing this heroism and this achievement to the eyes of those charged with the distribution of medals must always play an unavoidably large part in the winning of decorations. This is entirely aside from cases in which gross personal favoritism occurs.

It cannot be denied that most men want recognition of their achievements. For some this recognition is sought in the form of the literary approval of the "Edinburgh Review." For others recognition must come in gold and silver. For still others power and position are all that is required. Time without end Governments have recognized this very human desire by the distribution of symbolic ribbons and medals. The average American citizen who would, with righteous indignation, turn up his nose at the finery of monarchistic governments, owns to a private itching for such distinctions by plastering the lapel of his coat with an assorted and varied array of buttons, which may indicate nothing more than the giving of ten cents to the Red Cross or membership in a local lodge.

A truly philosophical view of awards and distinctions is given in that admirable little volume, "A General's Letters to His Son on Obtaining His Commission," which appeared in 1917. In a letter on "Honours and Rewards" this British general writes to his son:

> You tell me that your friend Jack has received the Military Cross, and that although he is a good fellow and undoubtedly merited it, Ronald, who deserved a decoration twice as much, did not even receive a mention in despatches. Except in that it will give great pleasure to his relations, I don't suppose that Jack is much happier than Ronald, if the latter is the man I believe him to be. He knows that he has done his duty, and he further knows that his friends are aware of it. Had he also gained a Military Cross, this Military Cross would not, to the outer world, be distinguishable from any other which had not been so well deserved. . . . But, after all, what do these decorations really matter? Is it a greater satisfaction to a man to own a little piece of silver or bronze than to know that he has done his duty to the best of his ability? Do you remember the extract from the diary of the German soldier:
>
> *Monday.*—It rained heavily, and our Lieut. Müller was drunk.
>
> *Tuesday.*—The English shelled us, and our Lieut. Müller was very drunk.
>
> *Wednesday.*—The English shelled us once more heavily, and our Lieut. Müller was drunk and incapable.
>
> *Thursday.*—We were ordered to attack. Our Lieut. Müller called out to us from his dug-out to advance more rapidly.
>
> *Friday.*—Nil.
>
> *Saturday.*—Nil.
>
> *Sunday.*—Our Lieut. Müller received the Iron Cross.

All of us cannot attain to this philosophical frame of mind, but at least most of us can come nearer than we do at present to the realization that it is not the little piece of silver or bronze that counts, but the deed which called it forth. No man who realizes this will ever be in danger of selling himself or his honor, like Browning's "Lost Leader,"

> Just for a riband to stick in his coat.

1920

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

FOR many the year opens sorrowfully: for some because of sad memories, for others because of anxious fears.

You have given the best you had to France. No more looking for a joyous home-coming; no more letters bringing messages of love. The new year brings a great silence, a great loneliness. You think of your dear one lying silent under the wintry stars three thousand miles away.

But you are mistaken. You know not where he is; but one thing you do know: he is not in the grave. If you were nearer his grave, you would not be nearer him. This moldering dust is not your boy. Look not for the living among the dead; look for him amid "the splendid glory of the living dead." He is risen. This is your Easter, not your Good Friday. He is one of the invisible witnesses eagerly watching those whom they love. Dim not his joy by your tears. Lay aside this weight of sorrow, and give yourself with courage to your service as he gave himself to his service.

Or perhaps the past has left you unwounded, but the future threatens. Coming events cast their shadows before. We are all learning that material wealth is profitless unless there is living labor to employ it. What was your possession has become your burden. You could face disaster for yourself; but the happiness of others has been intrusted to you and you see not how your utmost prudence can protect it. Political economists have been telling us for half a century that there must be a better distribution of wealth. But that means deprivation of some as well as addition to others. Moralists have been telling us that extravagance is our National vice. Luxuries have come by use to seem to us indispensable comforts. It is easier to sing the praises of self-sacrifice than to practice it. Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, are costly. Five years ago we were eager to pay the price in war. Shall we be less willing to pay the price in peace?

In spite of the sorrows of the past—and who has not known them? in spite of fears for the future—and who has not experienced them?—I wish you a Happy New Year. For the springs of happiness are in ourselves, not in our circumstances. Happiness is found, not in an unburdened life, but in a spirit strong to bear life's burdens; not in acquiring great possessions, but in rendering loyal service; not in a soul satisfied with itself, but in aspirations ever outrunning achievements; not in understanding the mystery of life and death, but in the simplicity of purpose and the purity of life which make their happy possessor the companion of God.

This is the happy New Year which I wish for my friends, known and unknown.

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A CAPITALIST'S CONFESSION OF FAITH

BY CHARLES A. MILLER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT, REPUBLICAN MEMBER OF THE SENATE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

The Outlook has announced a programme dedicated to the solution of the eight great problems before the American people during 1920, the year of reconstruction, and that it will publish authoritative articles on each subject. In this, the first number of the new year, we print the following article on one of those eight problems—*The problem of industrial unrest; the stabilization of the triangular relationship of capital, labor, and the general public.* Other articles on this problem, as well as the other seven great problems, will appear in later issues.—THE EDITORS.

INTRODUCTION

This frank and fearless and experienced expression of opinion by Mr. Charles A. Miller seems to me to be in line with the sort of clear and fundamental thinking of which the country just now stands much in need. One of the great decision times of the American electorate is almost upon us. The choice of National leaders counts for very little unless it be also a choice of ideas. No matter how little or how much Government can do to help, the industrial issue appears certain to be the core of politics in the immediate future. In preparation for the National programme the country must get its mental bearings.

The editors of The Outlook are responsible for the phrasing of the topic, "A Capitalist's Confession of Faith." But I think they are right about it. Mr. Miller's ideas certainly put him in the liberal capitalist class. His career and experience have led him in this direction. He is the general counsel for the Savings Bank Association of the State of New York. He is himself a manufacturer. And he has been adviser and counsel for a very conservative group of manufacturers in central New York for many years. He has fought for them and with them more than one battle of opposition to ideas of industrial progress which are now regarded as conservative. If his vision has come to reach beyond that of many of his industrial comrades, it cannot be attributed to sentimentalism or superidealism. He has learned in the hard school of experience, where men who have it in them gain ideas of progress which are really worth while.

Mr. Miller's article has the merit of laying the ax at the root. It admits the fundamental criticism which Socialism makes against the present industrial order, but repudiates Socialism as a remedy. It is a new spirit, a new attitude of mind, and a new practice on the part of the capitalist class which appeal to him as of chief concern. He has not so much confidence in palliative governmental or social measures. I think that these help if they are fashioned to contribute wisely to the increase of good will between the capitalist and labor groups. But I agree that the real question at issue is of a fairer and squarer division between capital and labor of the profits of industry. And I also agree that the liberal capitalist, acting with conservative labor, has it in his power to alter the dangerous tendencies of the time more swiftly than anybody else. The unreasonably conservative capitalist and the impetuous radical are opposite poles of the same thing. Together they bring the deluge.

FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT.

A YEAR ago I was a good deal agitated by prophecies and threats of revolutionary disaster which confronted me repeatedly in press and pulpit. Again and again I read that unless the social injustices of the day were remedied blood would surely flow. I saved a number of clippings of this kind, and in order to clarify my thoughts I endeavored to put in writing my own ideas as to the industrial and social problems which were demanding solution. I asked, What are the "social injustices" which these clergymen and editors are talking about? What is it that the proletariat insists on changing, even at the expense of establishing a new system of government?

The result of my efforts was distinctly disappointing. I found, it is true, instances of injustices and wrong, which could be remedied by liberal legislation and better economic and industrial methods. I acknowledged the evils of monopolies, the waste of competition, and, above all, the injustice and wrong of our recurring periods of overproduction, with their resulting business depression, idleness, and want. I pointed out, to my own satisfaction at the time, that no economic system which failed to provide means whereby one willing and able to work could exchange his labor for the things which he and his family needed could hope to endure permanently.

In the end, nevertheless, I put aside my manuscript with a distinct sense of failure. I had pointed out evils and injustices, it is true; but were they the ones which were endangering the stability of our institutions? I doubted it. There was something else which was wanted intensely by the inarticulate masses, something which here and there editors or preachers spoke of as "social injustice," but refrained from defining, and I had missed it entirely. It was my duty as a good citizen to find out what people wanted so badly that their friends, editors and clergymen, threatened us with the overthrow of so much that we hold sacred if they did not get it. Yet I had not found out what it was.

Nevertheless, though I threw my manuscript aside, I still puzzled about the matter in my mind. I still wondered what the disturbance was all about, what we must give if we would avoid the danger and loss of revolution.

Now, a year afterward, I have reached a conclusion so simple that I suppose everybody else has understood all about it for a long time. What is wanted is a different distribution of the proceeds of industry.

> The economic impulse of the revolution to-day is the demand for a better division of the wealth from this industrialism.
>
> I believe we are now in position to take some stock of and to form some judgment as to the adequacy of these solutions for what I believe every liberal-minded man believes is a necessity—the better division of industrial production. —*Speech of Herbert Hoover at Dinner Given by the American Institute of Mining Engineers, September 16, 1919.*

Under our economic system, capital and labor co-operate in the production of new wealth. Without them both no new wealth is produced. The new wealth, upon being produced, is divided between capital and labor in the form of profits and wages. Up to the present time this distribution has, to a very large extent, been directed by the owners of capital. They, for the most part, have had greater opportunities for development than the laborer, and have keener intellectual abilities, which, entirely unconsciously, they use to outwit him in the trade. Because of the lack of organization among the wage-earners, which until recently resulted from their lack of educational advantages (organization requiring and implying a considerable mental training), the employer was able to play one off against the other to his own advantage.

Another advantage possessed by capital in making its bargain with labor for a division of new wealth, perhaps its greatest advantage, is that capital *can wait*. Labor, on the other hand, must have its share of the new wealth from day to day, because it has little, if any, of the old wealth, or else it will starve; and,

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what is worse, its children will starve. It cannot wait.

The result of these advantages has been to make capital drive a harder bargain than it could have done without them. In business we must buy as cheaply as our competitor or pay the penalty by insolvency. On this account there seems to the business man to be a certain ethical quality in a good trade. Labor has been looked upon as a commodity to be bought at a price, and one must buy as cheaply as possible or go to the wall. Any man who paid appreciably higher than the going rate of wages in a competitive business was doomed to failure. All these things made it seem right to pay as low wages as could be paid and still get the work done. When Americans would not work for us at the price, we took on the Irish. When the Irish were no longer attracted by what we paid, we turned to the Italians, the Poles, the Lithuanians, the Slavs, and to twenty tribes yet lower in the wage scale, and got them to work for us, and felt that we had done right.

On another account capital has felt it right to leave to labor as small a part of the new wealth, produced by them both, as it could. Capital is usually only vicariously present at the conference where this division is determined. Boards of directors, executive officers, superintendents, and bosses represent capital in making its bargain with labor. All of these, whether themselves of the capitalistic class or not, are the paid representatives of capital, owing duty only to those who pay them. No one knows better than they that, other things being equal, wages cannot be increased except at the expense of profits. The amount which they both can receive is limited by the new wealth produced. If labor gets more of it, capital will get less. These honest men, therefore, have believed it their duty to hire labor as they could, just as it was their duty to buy raw material, in the cheapest market.

Whatever the reasons for it, I believe no thoughtful man will deny that, though there may be exceptions, the grand rule for the division of the new wealth created by enterprise is that labor has from the beginning got just so much as was necessary to get the work done, and that capital has taken the rest. That this minimum allotted to labor is, in some instances, barely enough to sustain life, while in others it affords a considerable measure of luxury, is not due to any violation of the rule, but depends rather upon the supply and demand of certain kinds of labor.

Now it is this rule for the division of new wealth which is regarded as a "social injustice" and which some people wish to change, even by revolution if necessary.

What is the extent to which it is possible to comply with their demands? How far can we modify the distribution of new wealth without inviting disaster?

I take it that we can make a new rule something like this: Capital shall have such part of new wealth produced by industry as shall induce it to continue in the business and develop it. All of the rest shall go to labor.

Manifestly this is the maximum which labor can get, because by the very nature of the rule an attempt to get more will only drive capital to inactivity and labor will get less than ever. The condition of labor in India seems to me to be a good illustration of the result of inactive capital.

Labor, then, must be careful of how it seeks to absorb all new wealth, for unless some economic system can be successfully substituted for ours—and the complete breakdown of Socialism in Europe indicates that this cannot be done—the result of such an effort would be industrial ruin, with labor as the chief sufferer.

On the other hand, capital must, at its peril, recognize the justice of labor's claim to the maximum return compatible with the stability and progress of industry. Merely as "the greatest good to the greatest number" it is not only right but it is also inevitable. With the increasing intelligence and solidarity of labor, the old advantages of capital are equalized, except only the power of pure inertia, the ability to wait. And any consistent effort on the part of capital to take advantage of this ability to reduce labor to subjection will invite the revolutionary disturbance which it is so much to the advantage of capital to avoid.

I know that even as I write, and from day to day, the relations of capital and labor are changing, and that the reaction of public sentiment to the problem which I am discussing is in a state of flux. Nevertheless, though we may seem to restrain not only violence but combined effort by the action of the courts, though the radicalism which has been sweeping over the world will have its certain complement and result in a wave of conservatism, I am confident that the final resultant of the forces which are now at work in the world will be a change in the division of new wealth in favor of wages and unfavorable to profits; and I base my confidence on the proposition that such a change is right.

The limit of this change is determined, as I have said, by the return necessary to induce capital to continue in the industry and develop it. In the bargain between labor and capital for this new division labor will undoubtedly try to get more. Swayed by foolish or wicked agitators, mindful of past grievances, distrustful, and perhaps justly distrustful, of the employer, the tendency of labor, especially among the less intelligent, will be to try to get all the new wealth. The man who sees this tendency with calmness, complacently relying on the laws and the police force to keep things as they always have been, adds a real element of danger to the whole situation. An economic movement of the kind which we are discussing may be handled locally and temporarily by the law, the police, and the militia, just as the great moral movement of the Reformation was for a time and in certain places suppressed by the Holy Office and the stake. But the end is the same, looking at the movement in a broad way, as though these local and temporary suppressions had not intervened, except perhaps for a greater local and temporary disturbance than would have occurred without them. You can dam any current, but if the stream is great and swift enough it will in the end carry the dam away and reach the ocean just as though no dam had been there. The dam and its surroundings, however, will suffer in a way that would not have happened if the stream had never been interfered with.

It seems to me that the wise course is to see what we can do to guide and at the same time help on rather than hinder this reasonable desire of so large a class in the community. If labor wants a larger share in the results of industry, it will get it; let us see that it gets it with a minimum of inconvenience to ourselves and to the world.

In a recent discussion on this subject I was asked what percentage I would fix as the amount necessary to keep capital in a business and induce it to develop it. As if one could solve a problem of this kind by a percentage backed up by the laws!

The peaceful and quiet change from paying labor as little as may be to the paying it as much as may be is not to be brought about by formal legislation, but by a change in the spirit of industry. Directors, who have heretofore regarded themselves and been regarded by the courts as trustees for the stockholders, must come to recognize themselves as trustees for the workers as well. Stockholders and workers combine to create the new wealth; the director must, at his peril, see to the prosperity of both. Any factory executive who permitted his machinery to get out of order or repair, to lack for lubrication, or to suffer from dampness and rust would find his place filled by a different sort of a man. Now the workers in an industry are quite as essential to its success as the machinery.

The danger in this problem is greed—greed on both sides. There is the danger that capital, trusting in its legal rights and in its power to wait, will refuse to labor what labor ought to have. There is the opposite danger that labor will overestimate the share of the new wealth which it can take from capital and will ruin industry. The right of collective bargaining, the open shop, and all the other munitions of the labor war are, after all, but expressions of rights claimed on one side and attacked on the other because of greed on both sides.

So fixed has this habit of greed become in this controversy that each party is proclaiming as a virtue the very thing which by unbiased eyes can be seen to be a vice. And so difficult is it to introduce a spirit of altruism where altruism is regarded as bad business that I should almost despair of the outcome if it were not for our experiences in the last five years.

For five years we learned the lesson of

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altruism. At the beginning, in a hesitating way, we put our hands into our pockets for Belgium and Poland; later, with increasing demands, came various forms of foreign relief and service—the fatherless children of France, the Italian Red Cross, and more; but still we learned slowly, until we entered the war ourselves. Then the American Red Cross, the multiform relief committees, war chests, and Liberty loans made demands upon our pocketbooks, our bank accounts, and our altruism such as would have been inconceivable even a year before. And every demand was met. Big business and little business, the careful man, the prudent man and the spendthrift, the selfish man and the philanthropist, vied with each other in such an exhibition of practical altruism as I think was never seen before.

And this it is which gives me hope in the present crisis. Only genuine unselfishness, enlightened altruism, will enable us sufficiently to see the point of view of the other man to bring ours into harmony with his. Only by the sacrifice of much to which we are accustomed can we hope to adjust production to new and inevitable conditions. This, unfortunately, we do not yet understand. The clouds will have to grow darker and yet more threatening before either side will realize that the time has come for self-sacrifice. When that time does come, I cannot doubt that the same clear-minded business sense that has enabled our capitalists to surmount every difficulty in our history will combine with the same lofty patriotism which the war disclosed, and bring about such a change in production that the interests of labor and the interests of capital shall both be taken care of with impartiality.

At the same time, labor has much to learn if its purposes are to be accomplished without disaster to itself. Restriction of output, discouragement of initiative, indifference to the success of the enterprise—these and other outgrowths of the war between labor and capital must go, for the benefit of labor itself, when we have peace.

That we shall have peace in the end I do not doubt, whether it be in this generation or not. When it comes, it will simply be the product of the most elementary rule of morality that we know.

WHAT GEORGE WOULD HAVE DONE

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO

WHEN I was a boy, Sir Martin Conway, the mountain explorer, told me to read George Borrow's "Bible in Spain" for the model of the way to write about travel. I read the book with all my might, and then I learned that those who come under the peculiar nameless spell of the style and the man are denominated "Borrovians," just as those who succumb to Bernard Shaw are known as Shavians. Later I fell in love with Isopel Berners in the only English book I could buy at Patras, Greece, and I was delighted when Mrs. Roosevelt, a confirmed Borrovian, christened her husband's book, "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," from the words of Isopel Berners in Borrow's "Lavengro."

On Sunday evening, September 14 last, I was at Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland, waiting for the boat to start across Cabot Strait. "Labrador" Cabot, of Boston, was with me, known in the circles of ethnographic and linguistic science as William B. Cabot. If ever he reads these lines, I may expect a mild reproof, for he is a soul of engaging reticence, in shy seclusion veiled, more at home among the Montagnais Indians and the mosquitoes of inland Labrador than among the fleshpots of coastal New England. He had just made his sixteenth anabasis to Labrador, and he had lost all his baggage twice on the way—once at North Sydney and the second time at Battle Harbor, Labrador—an entirely fresh outfit procured in Newfoundland. As he wore his shotgun over his shoulder even when he slept, he still had that with him; on his feet were carpet slippers, and in his pocket was a pair of scissors with which he trimmed his beard, aged sixty-two, whenever he thought of it.

I had met him four days before on the crammed and reeking mail-boat coming south from Battle Harbor, and from the way he had of walking and talking by his wild lone I knew him at once for a confirmed Borrovian. And now at Port-aux-Basques I felt that he was a brother-in-the-blood to a crowd of gypsies who suddenly swarmed and bloomed aboard an hour before the boat was to weigh anchor for the run of a night to North Sydney. What were they doing in that gallery? Port-aux-Basques, as the name connotes, was a fine rendezvous for piratical revelry and rivalry centuries agone, and the bleak, green headland that Sunday evening still seemed reverberant with their ghostly oaths as they diced and drank to the clinking of doubloons and glasses. But there actually rimmed the shore at the boat's side only silent and wondering peaceable citizens, clad in their Sunday best, awaiting the great diurnal happening of the boat's departure. It was their theater, their music, their art, their literature, their liberal education, thus to stand and look, imagining that some day, did the ice and the sea permit, they might go to the mainland too.

The gypsies were only less gorgeous than the aurora borealis and as noisy as the gulls. The whole forward end of the proud, neat steamer was loudly alive with them. They made a picture, but it cried for soap and—in the plain, sanitary Anglo-Saxon of the A. E. F.—for delousing. To cold church-going and God-fearing Newfoundland it was a flooding torrent of the Sunny South, of the Far East, of Tartar tribes, and everything outlandish and amazing. No such clacking jargon had been heard in that rocky cove since the Basques uprooted their impossible tongue and sailed away. These gypsies jabbered and brandished all at once and all the time. They were wildly indignant about something. The men (two "kings" in derby hats and frowsy sack suits) were at the station of the narrow-gauge railway that runs down to meet the boat. They were talking business with both hands to the ticket agent. The women and children aboard made a lesser confusion of black hair, baked-apple faces, gold rings, and red bandanas and bonfires of color in the dress. The women squatted in despair upon the hatchway and nursed their jaws, and then suddenly sprang up and stalked about like opera singers reiterating a grievance. The babies wailed an obligato. What was it all about? Such fiery looks of venom, such magnificent hauteur! The women drew daggers with their eyes—each a Lucrezia Borgia at the least.

At last, and somehow, one got to the bottom of the fluent stream of talk and found the sedimentary fact of the cruel situation. These people were being deported from the very wharf where they had landed in the morning. A law of the Dominion of Newfoundland was set like a traffic policemen's semaphore against them. They were nearly penniless—they had sold at North Sydney their six horses and their three vans for seventy dollars, and they had bought through tickets to St. John's for one hundred and fifty dollars, and now they were stranded with no chance to go farther and cross palms, or deal in horses, or strip a clothesline or a cabbage patch in a sheltered corner.

The boat had blown her whistle and was about to start. The two kings slouched aboard dejected, shrugging their shoulders, to meet the baleful looks and the aspic tongues of the women. They had done their best, but pursers and station agents were the flinty people, and worse than berg and fog and the biting wind so far from Romany.

What was to be done? Before I knew it I was on the rail of the boat making an impassioned speech to the mob ashore. There could not be much money in that crowd, but they had more than nothing. I told all the story to the little boys and girls with their toes in the mud, and the haughty folk with their noses in the air, and the good, simple people who had come from church where they had dropped their mite in the plate, as they were careful to explain to me. I dwelt on the plight of these poor Zingari who had sold their six horses and their three vans and were now empty of all but a vast

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vocabulary. The gypsy kings stood by me, plucking my sleeves and hissing their encouragement and twisting their faces into a sorrowful indictment of the whole inhuman tribe of pursers and ticket agents.

Well, out of the crowd upon the shore into my trout-stained brown felt hat (for I had used it last as a fish-basket) there poured alms amounting to five dollars. I put in five dollars of my own. People on the boat gave me $2.69, and then "Labrador" Cabot, who had been snoozing in the smoking-room, added $5. The total was $17.69. I handed it to the kings, and they went below, for their aromatic demesne was now in the steerage. Then the purser came.

"I want to tell you, sir, you have been grossly put upon," said he.

"Why?"

"The elder of those two gypsy frauds told the Commissioner of Customs he had $4,000 put away in a bank in Nova Scotia."

"Well," I said, "if I was fooled, the boat has started and the deed is done. Anyway, there were about two hundred and fifty people ashore and the average would be only two cents apiece. Bless their hearts, they'd have given more if they had it!"

"Gypsies are a rummy lot, sir," said the purser. "There's good reason for the law that keeps them out. They steal anything they can lay their hands on. They knew they wouldn't be allowed to land. We refused to let them come aboard our steamer at North Sydney. Somehow they got on the other boat, and now it's up to us to take them back."

I went to "Labrador" Cabot and told him what the purser said. Then the blood-brotherhood of the Bostonian and his fellow-Tzigane stood out clear as the red sunset. In a corner of the smoking-room sat one of the kings. He had no business there. He was asleep, and he held a baby in his lap, and the baby's cheeks were stained with tears that furrowed the dirt.

"Do you want your money back?" I said to "Labrador" Cabot in an undertone.

"Not much!" he answered. "Do you suppose I'd 'a' helped those people if they hadn't been rogues? Of course they're rogues. That's why I love 'em all. The world is too full of honest men!"

He tiptoed over to the snoring king and the dirty baby and put a five-dollar bill in the king's hand without waking him.

Then he turned to me. "I think George would have liked us to do that," he whispered. "Do you remember Isopel Berners?"

"I was thinking of her all the time," I said.

TO A SCARLET LIZARD

BY AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

Tiny Mephistopheles
Of the woodland way,
Flaunting through your grassy world
Frivolously gay,
Smiling stoop I low to watch you.
Seems my vanity
As amusing to the angels
As you are to me?

A RUSSIAN APPRECIATION OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT

A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENT OF THE PORTSMOUTH PEACE CONFERENCE

BY PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL

ONE of the great regrets of my life is not to have had the honor of meeting Theodore Roosevelt. When I came to America, I had brought with me several letters of introduction to him, which, however, I always put off sending to their destination. We were in the midst of the war, and I felt that it would be an indiscretion to intrude upon the time of a man who must be overwhelmed with work and occupied with far more important things than would be an interview with a foreign journalist. I therefore waited and waited until the clouds should clear, and, alas! I waited too long, and the book of destiny was closed for a man with whose death one of the great lights of the world went out, before I had mustered sufficient courage to crave from him the meeting for which I had longed so much.

The other day, while I was putting in order a quantity of old letters and papers, I came across a memoir on the events attending the conferences held at Portsmouth which led to the conclusion of the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan, written by my old lifelong friend Professor Martens, who had accompanied the Russian delegation to the United States, and who, as everybody knows, was considered the greatest authority on international law in Europe. In this memoir, which was not written for publication, but only to give me an idea of what had been going on at the Conference, I found an appreciation of President Roosevelt which may be interesting to the American reader, as it gives the opinion of a remarkable man on another even more remarkable one, and an appreciation of the great work accomplished by the former head of the United States Government at Portsmouth, which has the more value because it is that of a person with whom the President was more than once at variance, and who therefore could hardly have been expected to like Roosevelt. I have translated Professor Martens's estimate from the original Russian in which it was written.

"You ask me," wrote Professor Martens, "what has struck me most during my stay in the United States. The reply to this question is easy enough, and resolves itself into two words: 'President Roosevelt.' We were all full of prejudices against him, and some among us even considered his interference in our quarrel with Japan as a piece of unheard-of impertinence. The Emperor, when he received me previous to my departure for Portsmouth, told me distinctly to be careful in my relations with the President, and to try to prevent Witte from getting too much under his influence. America's intervention and its offer to act as mediator between us and the Japanese Government was, as you know yourself, very badly viewed in our Russian official circles, where every one affected to treat it lightly and as a matter of absolutely no importance. The President was said to be a man only seeking personal advantages and personal satisfaction of a vanity which was supposed to be inordinate. The fact was that we could not reconcile ourselves with the idea that America could become an important factor in world politics, and there were some among our high officials who faintly suspected that this might easily become a fact if we attached too much importance to its attempt to do so.

"I had not been many days in Portsmouth before I had completely changed

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my opinion and had come to the conclusion that by his letter to the two belligerents with which he was supposed to help settle their differences the President of the United States had shown himself one of the greatest politicians of modern times. He is, at all events, a curious personality, and the first impression which one acquires when one sees him, and especially after one has spoken with him, is that one stands in the presence of a great force which will insist on making itself felt whether others like it or not. He is not at all the impetuous personage he is reported to be. On the contrary, every one of his actions is deeply thought over and premeditated; and even when he gets violent, which happens sometimes when he finds himself crossed in his intentions or misunderstood as to their sincerity, this anger or violence, put it as you will, is still conducted on the lines he had set himself to follow before an explosion of wrath escaped him. In one word, he is as impetuous as he is cool, and his strong Anglo-Saxon common sense always wins the day, and finally makes him win his point in spite of the most serious opposition. The man is perfectly sincere, and at the same time can be frank—which is not the same thing as sincerity. He seldom, and I believe even never, allows himself to press a point upon which he does not feel quite certain; and it is quite an extraordinary thing to watch him, when being in indecision as to this or that question, contriving to adjourn the matter until he has had time to consult with those capable of enlightening him as to what did not present itself at first quite clearly to his mind. His reputation of vanity is absolutely false and untrue. Roosevelt does not know what vanity is, though his *entourage* may indulge in it for him, which is a pity when all things are considered. But he himself is the most curious mixture of humility and consciousness of his own strength that alone would mark a man as great anywhere and in whatever position he might find himself placed. And he has got that clear, statesmanlike grasp of the exigencies of politics and that foresight of the future which are so rare nowadays, and which personally I have not met anywhere, with one exception—that of Bismarck. This is the more curious in that, so far as I know, Roosevelt had never troubled much about foreign and European politics until he came by the force of circumstances to have to play a part in them and to make his country do the same. Roosevelt, perhaps unconsciously, understands the meaning of the words used by our great Catherine when she said that she read the future in the history of the past. He has felt that sooner or later the United States will have to emerge out of its position of aloofness and indifference as to what goes on outside its frontiers and to take its place beside the other great European nations. His intervention in our quarrel with Japan was based on that one fact—the fact of affirming the power and the greatness of his own beloved America. Whereas all his compatriots, or mostly all, take a narrow view of the future of their country, he sees further than they do, and he really and truly thinks in terms of continents.

"His conduct during the whole time that the peace negotiations lasted has been a marvel of tact. Without appearing to inject himself into the course of the conversations and discussions which took place between the delegates, he contrived to keep himself exactly informed as to all that was going on, and more than once intervened in the most discreet manner by conveying a hint or a message to the plenipotentiaries which cleared the skies and brought things back to their true level. You know as well as I do what Witte is, and you may therefore imagine that it was not altogether easy to handle him, the more so that he was handicapped by most senseless instructions which we used to receive from home, either from the Foreign Office or from Peterhof, where the Emperor seemed sometimes as if he meant to take the bit between his teeth and run away, breaking all the windows while doing so. The Japanese, though more secretive than we Russians were, still showed themselves difficult to manage, and at one time I really began to fear that the negotiations would break down, and that we should only have suffered loss of prestige by having engaged in them. It was at this stage that Roosevelt's influence began to assert itself, and that he contrived to smooth difficulties by giving the Japanese Government to understand that it would not be to its advantage if it persisted in its intransigeant attitude, and our delegates to guess that failure to conclude an honorable peace would mean for us endless difficulties at home, the conditions of which he seemed to know even better than we did ourselves. I have often wondered where Roosevelt could have acquired the immense amount of information which he suddenly displayed, and I have come to the conclusion that a great deal of it was due to his extraordinary powers of intuition which made him draw deductions and conclusions where others saw only the bare facts. And, moreover, that Portsmouth Conference, which will surely mark in the history of the world the first effort made by the United States to stand as an equal at the side of the great nations of other continents, was essentially Roosevelt's work, and as such he showed us immediately that he intended, and that indeed he would, bring it to a good and safe conclusion.

"That he contrived to do so without showing openly his hand, and while abstaining from everything that could have been interpreted as an attempt to interfere in matters which were not supposed to concern him, was a work which perhaps no one in the whole world outside of himself would have been able to perform. The hints which he conveyed to the plenipotentiaries, and which invariably threw a new light upon the points that they had not been able to see or to bring to a solution, were something quite wonderful. All through our conferences the personality of Roosevelt made itself felt, but this was done so artistically, if such a word may be used, that nobody could have been offended at the advice which he tendered with such consummate discretion. We Russians had come to Portsmouth without taking anything that he had said seriously, and yet when we left the United States it was with the knowledge that all through our stay there we had been brought in close proximity with one of the most powerful personalities now alive in the whole of the world.

"The most trying day among all the trying ones of the Conference was August 28, when a telegram from Count Lamsdorff brought to Witte the news that the Emperor commanded him to end the discussions at all hazards on the next day. Witte was in doubt and anxiety, his common sense telling him that obedience to such senseless orders would spell disaster to his country. He managed to get a friend and confidential man of his to communicate to the President the tenor of the telegram that had just reached him, and to ask the President his opinion about it. Roosevelt, to whom the contents of the despatch were already known, replied that he could not express an opinion that might be interpreted as an attempt on the part of the United States to bring pressure on the decisions of another country, but that he would, if he were in Witte's place, consult before everything else the interests of his country, the more so that the Czar, being so far away, could not so well judge of what was going on as the men who were then struggling for the conclusion of a peace which both Japan and Russia needed so much, in view of the unsettled condition of their home affairs. Witte took the hint, as you know, and the treaty was finally signed.

"It could never have been concluded had it been negotiated anywhere else than at Portsmouth, and if the influence of President Roosevelt had not been exercised all along in the cause of peace with a persistence which commanded the admiration of us all. The man who had been represented to us as impetuous to the point of rudeness displayed a gentleness, a kindness, and a tactfulness mixed with self-control that only a truly great man can command. And, more than that, it seems to me that behind his whole conduct there was one hidden motive which perhaps you will never believe in, but which has struck me the more forcibly that it was never allowed to escape him publicly. This motive was the prevision and desire that at a future time the United States might become a world power with which the world would have to reckon and which it could never more ignore. Perhaps I am mistaken in this appreciation, which I would not tell to any one besides you. But there is one point upon which I feel quite sure that I am not mistaken, and this is that President Roosevelt is a great man."

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COMMUNITY CIVICS

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

VIII—CIVIC BEAUTY

BY MABEL SKINNER

OF THE WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

INTRODUCTION

A moss-covered water tower nestling in the side of a wooded hill attracts our attention. We admire it. We are unconsciously happy for having seen it.

A stilted tank on the top of a city building obtrudes itself. It does not detain us in our walk, it does not add anything to our day. In fact, if we are conscious of any sensation in connection with it, it is an unpleasant one.

I asked a philosopher to explain to me why people are affected so differently by two things which serve the same purpose in life. He said: "It is this way. The tower on the wooded hill is beautiful; the tank on the city building is ugly." His answer seemed true enough, but was not satisfying, so I urged him further. "How do you know that one thing is beautiful and another is ugly?" He continued: "Things are beautiful which produce pleasant sensations in our minds without conscious effort on our part. Aristotle called it 'wishless absorption.' This sensation of beauty is normally brought about by our relations with nature or in fine imitations of nature. Who can imagine a tank perched on the top of a theater as imitating anything in nature?"

A business man was approached with the question, "Is beauty a good investment in business?" He replied: "It certainly is. Every employer who has to deal with large numbers of workers has learned that order, cleanliness, harmonious color schemes, and pleasant surroundings are investments which yield big returns in contentment of employees as well as in dollars and cents."

National, State, and city governments are coming to realize more keenly the value of beautiful communities. Every town of any size fosters one or more civic improvement associations, each founded in the belief that restlessness and depression of spirit are aggravated by unpleasant surroundings, while beautiful cities make for happy, hopeful, ambitious, and active citizens.

FRANK A. REXFORD.

"THESE grave, dignified, majestic columns, down they'll come! See if they don't! They're in the way, my boy; they shut out the light. Can't hang signs on them; can't plaster them over with theater bills; no earthly use. That's the way the fellows behind these glass windows talk. They don't want anything classic; they want something that'll earn four per cent." Thus does F. Hopkinson Smith's delightful old Peter rail at the "Great Amalgamated Crunch Company," with its lack of respect for tradition, reverence, sentiment, and beauty.

But we must not let New York City be a "Great Amalgamated Crunch Company," caring only for dollars and cents. We must prove Peter in the wrong. In order to do this we shall have to educate many of our fellow-citizens to a point of view quite different from that which they now hold. To the more short-sighted of the "fellows behind the glass windows" we can make the appeal that even from the standpoint of commercial profit beauty is worth taking into account. For it stimulates the worker when he is tired and recreates him when he is worn. The practical man of affairs with a broader vision will readily see that money spent for civic beauty brings increasing returns with each succeeding year. The City Beautiful attracts both transient visitors who have money to spend and permanent residents whose efforts contribute to the upbuilding of the town, while Unpleasantville sees its citizens move away to more attractive places. Ruskin was truly right: beauty is not expensive—it is ugliness that costs; and modern business methods show that this lesson has already been rather generally learned. Witness the beauty of some of our great office buildings—for example, the Woolworth and Bush Buildings, especially at night.

Not only is there an economic loss when we fail to conserve or to create beauty, but there is a social waste as well. An appetite for beauty is as normal on the part of the individual as a craving for food, while an æsthetic appreciation is one of the tests of a civilization. It is a community sadly lacking in vision that neglects the study of this subject when at work on the city plan. It is a very backward city that fails to provide beauty for its citizens.

New York City has been giving more or less thought to civic beauty during the past century. In 1853 the purchase of land for Central Park was authorized by the State Legislature and provision made for the improvement by landscape artists of its more than eight hundred acres. Its drives and footpaths, its arbors and stretches of green lawn, its lakes and fountains, make of it a "great beauty spot and interval of out-of-doors quiet in the heart of the noisy city." It was the first large park in the history of the world planned and laid out for the people and by the people. The great parks of Europe were all crown lands or the estates of nobles donated to the public by some king or duke.

Prospect Park, in Brooklyn, with its beautiful memorial arch at the western gateway in honor of the soldiers and sailors of the Civil War, its Vale of Cashmere, and its quaint, old-fashioned garden; Bronx Park and its charming little river, keeping in remembrance the name of old Jonas Bronck; Pelham Bay and Van Cortlandt Parks, together adding nearly three thousand acres to our park system, help to make one of the largest and most valuable municipal park areas in the country. These parks with our drives and boulevards, such as Riverside Drive, Ocean Parkway, and the new Bronx Parkway, are all administered and cared for by our city Park Department except Bronx Parkway, which is being developed by a special commission called the Bronx Parkway Commission.

At the head of the Park Department there is a board of four commissioners, one each for the boroughs of Brooklyn, Bronx, and Queens, and one for Manhattan and Richmond. These commissioners are appointed by the Mayor. The Commissioner for Manhattan and Richmond is the president of the Board. Each commissioner has almost complete independence in the control of the parks, boulevards, and city trees and shrubs within his borough, while general park rules and regulations are determined by the whole Board. When you next notice a man in a brown suit of working clothes spraying the trees on one of our driveways, you will be seeing one of the employees of the people of the city engaged in fostering civic beauty for us all.

In 1856, in a preliminary report on Prospect Park, the architect wrote: "There will always be a temptation to make use of the ground of a park for other public purposes than those to which it was primarily devoted, and if this is not guarded against at the outset there is danger that after a time the purposes for which a park is especially designed will be subordinated and all that has been done to meet them sacrificed to purposes which with proper forethought and economy would be equally met on other sites." This admonition is needed as urgently to-day as it was fifty years ago.

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Central Park seems to be especially tempting to organizations of citizens, and repeated attempts have been made to obtain use of some of its land for other than park purposes, such as, for example, a dispensary, a race-track, an open-air church, a drill ground, a world's fair, and a series of trenches to help sell Liberty Bonds in one of our drives during the war. It has even been suggested that we slice off a strip on the west side of the park in order to widen Eighth Avenue. Then, too, there are school-children who feel that a park has no right to exist unless it can be used as a playground, and who ignore the signs "Keep off the grass" and mutilate the shrubs and trees "just for fun." A more adequate supply of playgrounds, a thorough education of both young and old teaching the proper uses of a park and instilling a respect for public property added to that eternal vigilance which is the price of everything that is worth while, and our parks will gladden the lives of numberless millions for many years to come.

As New York City grew in size and wealth the municipality became the recipient of many gifts from individuals in the shape of statues, monuments, and fountains, some of which were so beautiful that they were their own excuse for being, some of which were so unsightly that no amount of eloquence or specious argument could justify their existence. When Greater New York was created, provision was made for the appointment of a Municipal Art Commission with jurisdiction over the acquisition of all works of art purchased or accepted as gifts by the city and with power to decide where these objects should be placed. Subsequently its powers were extended, and this Commission now passes upon all plans for schools and other buildings as well as their mural decorations, and all designs for bridges, lamp-posts, fences, and other structures erected or to be erected upon land belonging to the city. As members of this Commission are appointed by the Mayor from a list of names furnished him by the Fine Arts Federation, and as there must always be at least one painter, one sculptor, and one architect on the Commission, the community interests are safeguarded and a more beautiful city slowly takes form before our eyes. The next time you enter one of our splendid new high school buildings you may notice a colorful and decorative mural painting in foyer or hall. But for the Municipal Art Commission, the watch-dog of the city's treasury of art, a very inferior painting might be there instead to greet you.

This Commission of ours was one of the first public art commissions to be established in the United States, and many of the later commissions were modeled after it. Over one hundred matters are submitted to the New York Commission yearly, the money involved running up into the millions. Sometimes over twenty plans are considered by the members before a matter is finally settled. It is interesting to visit the rooms of the Commission in the cupola of the City Hall and see on file photographs of art atrocities which would have been inflicted on the public but for the activities of this jury of experts. By comparing a disapproved design with its improved and approved successor one forms some idea of how much the Commission has influenced the art life of our city.

Occasionally a proposed statue is beautiful, but the site selected by its donors cannot be approved. Mr. Cabot Ward, former President of the Park Board, once said: "If all the proposals made during the past two years to erect monuments in the City Hall Park had been accepted, the park would have been completely filled and would look like a corner of Woodlawn Cemetery."

Many of our monuments which are especially unfortunate in design date back to the days just after the Civil War, when a grateful Nation wished to show honor to its heroic dead. Memorials sprang up in all sorts of places, many of them mere lumps of stone not in the least worthy of the memories they were designed to perpetuate. To-day the art commissions all over the country are being besieged with designs for tablets and statues in memory of our heroes of the world war. The memorials we build, as well as the memories they evoke, should be a precious heritage for our children.

Fifty years ago, even in the great city of New York there was but one notable private collection of paintings, and that collection could be seen only on one single day during the winter months by those who had been fortunate enough to secure special cards of invitation. But in 1870 there was incorporated under the laws of New York State the Metropolitan Museum of Art, "to encourage and develop the study of fine arts and the application of the arts to manufactures and practical life; to advance the general knowledge of kindred subjects; and to that end to furnish popular instruction." The Museum has done all of this and more. Its collections represent the so-called fine arts—painting, sculpture, and architecture—as well as what are usually called decorative or industrial arts. Its ancient art includes Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Greek, and Roman antiquities. Among the paintings are found interesting works of the Middle Ages and many canvases from the brushes of our American artists. Collections of various objects in wood, metal, and glass; tapestries, pottery, rugs, laces, and textiles; classical collections of arms and armor; musical instruments and antiquities of many kinds, all make this Museum a veritable treasure-trove for those who appreciate beautiful things as well as for those who want to learn more about them. The Museum is managed by a Board of Trustees, which is self-perpetuating—that is, the trustees themselves fill vacancies in the Board as they occur; but the Mayor, the Comptroller, the President of the Park Board, and the President of the National Academy of Design are members *ex officio*. While the Museum is maintained largely by endowments and contributions, an appropriation is made each year in the city budget for current expenses, so that this institution is an example of a semi-public agency ministering to community needs.

Other museums, such as the Museum of Natural History in Manhattan, the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, and the Botanical Garden in the Bronx, perform a work that is largely educational, and yet their appeal to the æsthetic sense is very real. Visit them some afternoon and watch the people who are strolling through, and you will see for yourself how true this is. It would be a very crabbed and crotchety citizen indeed who could not find delight in the beautiful bird collections at the Museum of Natural History. All of these institutions are supported and managed very much like the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

There is also an art center on the upper West Side of Manhattan—One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Street, One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street, and Broadway—consisting of buildings beautiful in themselves and rich in the works of art they hold. These are owned by private societies, but they are open free to the public. Among them are to be found the American Geographical Society with its wonderful old maps and manuscripts, including a map of the world made in 1452; the home of the Hispanic Society of America, a low building of Indiana limestone with a beautiful façade of Ionic columns and a frieze bearing the names of some of the great Spanish and Portuguese explorers, while the interior suggests a Spanish *patio* and has a charm all its own; the little building of the American Numismatic Society, containing many artistic plaques and medallions; and the Spanish Church of Our Lady of Hope, at the northwest corner of the block.

Our City Hall is renowned as a delightful example of early nineteenth-century architecture, and since its restoration a few years ago has been a source of special pride to the city. Within it may be found portraits of great Americans by such artists as John Trumbull and Thomas Sully; the Governor's Room, on the second floor, with its historic paintings and old mahogany desks once used by Washington and Hamilton; and a room away upstairs now used by the Municipal Art Commission, and furnished with colonial furniture of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

New York City has no civic center that is worthy of the name. A few years ago there was talk of building one just north of the City Hall, on what was originally the site of the old Collect Pond, but when the war came the project was tabled.

It is not expedient to try to include in an article like this a catalogue of the city's art treasures. Our public monuments range all the way from masterpieces like Saint-Gaudens's "Sherman Led by Victory," at the Fifty-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue entrance to Central Park, Miss Hyatt's Joan of Arc, on Riverside Drive at Ninety-third Street, and Mac-

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Monnies's stirring statue of Nathan Hale in City Hall Park, to atrocities like the statue of Verdi at Broadway and Seventy-third Street. "A Guide to the Works of Art in New York City," by Florence N. Levy, compiled with the direct co-operation of the Metropolitan and Brooklyn Museums, the Art Commission, and other interested groups, is a handbook designed to bring the wealth of works of art in New York City to the attention of the general public. It suggests a number of half-day pilgrimages for those who wish to secure a maximum of enjoyment with a minimum of fatigue. Teachers and pupils in our public schools as well as the man of the street will find it full of interesting data.

But the choicest of our statues must have a paragraph all to itself. On a little island in the upper bay stands "the supremely great monument of the Western World." If architecture is frozen music, then the Statue of Liberty is a veritable "Marseillaise" in bronze, stirring the hearts of all who love democracy with its old but ever-new appeal. Presented to the United States by citizens of the Republic of France as a memorial of their affection for our country and of their belief in our ideals, it has been one more link in the chain first forged by the hand of Lafayette. As one gazes upon it one seems to hear a clarion call "To Arms," not as conscripts in an army of an Old World autocracy, but as citizen soldiers in a New World brotherhood founded in the interests of all. And if of late Liberty seems to bid us lift our eyes from our fields and shops and face eastward across the ocean with her, if she leads our Republic into paths that are strange and new, we need never falter so long as her torch gleams brightly.

No account of civic beauty in New York City would be complete without mention of a few of those societies which, though privately organized and supported, are concerned with the public good. One of these, the Fine Arts Federation, has been referred to above. It is a senate of all the important art societies in the city, its members being chosen as delegates to represent their different organizations. It thus becomes truly representative of the best art taste and judgment of the city, and it is therefore fitting that it should be given the powers assigned it in connection with the naming of the members of the Art Commission. In the past it has been officially recognized by the city government whenever there was a message to be sent to the artists of New York.

The Municipal Art Society aims to promote in every possible way municipal art in the city of New York. At first it confined its attention to raising money with which to make gifts of works of art to the city. Later it widened its scope, and now it not only solicits contributions, but makes suggestions, stimulates discussion, and by enlightening and organizing public opinion often influences the actions of our city officials. Its interests extend from mural decorations in public schools and other city buildings to letter-boxes and receptacles for litter, and from billboards to changes in the city plan. While it was the Municipal Art Commission which sat as a jury to consider the artistic merit of the painting for the walls of our beautiful high schools, it was probably the Municipal Art Society which first became interested in the idea of providing a painting for the wall space and persuaded some man or woman of wealth to pay the bill. The Society's recent bulletin on war memorials contains a fund of information discussing some of the questions which arise in connection with memorials, showing illustrations of some existing forms and suggesting new ones.

The Woman's Municipal League has for some time past had an active Committee on Civic Art. The members of this Committee have tried to stimulate action on the part of individual citizens in beautifying back yards, planting trees, and relieving the monotony of brick, stone, and plaster with gay little window-boxes. They have called attention to the hideous water-tanks which abound on the roofs of city apartment-houses, asking, "Why do we tolerate them?" Their bulletins urge individual effort on the part of the citizen in his own neighborhood, and their appeal is dynamic and personal: "How YOU may help to promote civic art in New York" and "It is suggested that we talk less about democracy and act more as if we lived in a democracy, where we, the people, may have what we want if we really want it."

The art of a democracy should not be something apart and remote where the rich may enjoy it at their leisure while the poor are shut out. In order to foster the interests of art education in the public schools of the city of New York so that our boys and girls may learn to appreciate beauty and gifted pupils may be trained in the technique of creating it, the School Art League was organized in 1911. Five hundred medals are awarded annually to members of graduating classes in the elementary schools for good shop work; nearly fifty medals are similarly given in the city high schools; four scholarships are awarded every six months to talented graduates of the high schools, whose fees are thus paid for a year in an industrial art school; a docent (visiting teacher) is employed who speaks in an elementary school every day and then takes a group of children to visit either the Metropolitan or the Brooklyn Museum. The records show that the activities of the School Art League reach thousands of boys and girls every year, and its influence on the civic art of the future cannot be estimated.

We have been looking at one side of the picture—the advantages the community affords us in the line of community art. But whenever we receive a benefit in this world it has cost something to give it to us and we must give value in return. No privileges come to us without their corresponding duties and obligations. What is the responsibility of the citizen, especially of the junior citizen, in connection with this subject of civic beauty?

In the first place, the worth-while citizen will try to understand and appreciate the beauty that surrounds him. He will make use of our city's resources and enjoy our civic art. When he passes the Municipal Building, he will look at its panels and medallions, notice its symmetry of design and beauty of detail. He will take time to visit the museums and try to exercise his æsthetic sense, just as the athlete trains his muscles in the gymnasium. For he will realize that non-use of a faculty means atrophy and deterioration, while use means development and growth.

The citizen owes it to his community not to diminish the beauty that exists or may exist in his particular neighborhood. The defacing of buildings, the marking of sidewalks and fences, the scattering of papers and refuse in streets and lots, the trampling of grass and flower-beds, and the destruction of shrubs and trees all help to destroy that which we should be eager to preserve. Dirty streets, garish billboards, ugly water-tanks on roofs, are community eyesores which are or should be the concern of all and which a little thought and painstaking can remove or forestall.

In regard to billboards it is rather a blow to our pride to learn that New York City is behind the Philippine Islands in its regulation of billboard advertising. An ordinance of the Philippines empowers one of the Government officials to remove billboards if objectionable to the sight. An attempt was made to obtain an injunction to prevent the enforcement of this ordinance. In the final decision of the courts dismissing this petition the injunction was denied for two reasons: (1) "The success of billboard advertising depends not so much upon the use of private property as it does upon the use of the channels of travel used by the general public. Ostensibly located on private property, the real and sole value of the billboard is its proximity to the public thoroughfares. Hence we conceive that the regulation of billboards and their restriction is not so much a regulation of private property as it is a regulation of the use of streets." (2) "Offensive noises and smells have been for a long time considered susceptible of suppression in thickly populated districts. . . . Objects may be offensive to the eye as well as to the nose or ear. . . . Governments have spent millions on parks and boulevards and other forms of civic beauty, the first aim of which is to appeal to the sense of sight. Why, then, should the Government not interpose to protect from annoyance this most valuable of man's senses as readily as to protect him from offensive noises and smells?"

In New York City we have ordinances against posting bills on private property without the owner's consent, against erecting signs so constructed that they are a menace to physical safety, or showing posters tending to undermine public morality, and a zoning resolution making it illegal in the future to erect advertis-

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ing signs in residential districts. This is as far as we go. To-day junior citizens can help to create an intelligent public opinion concerning this community problem; and to-morrow—well, what can they not do if they only will?

But the worth-while citizen will not be satisfied with simply trying to appreciate and to conserve civic beauty. He will feel a personal obligation to try to create beauty in accordance with his ability. This will mean many different things to different men. In the case of the schoolboy it may mean contributing beauty to his block by means of a well-kept window-box. In the case of a business man it may mean planning for beauty as well as for utility when his office building is being constructed. But the more beauty we create in the home, in the school, in the neighborhood, in the city, the nearer New York will come to Aristotle's ideal of a city as "a place where men lead a common life for a noble end."

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE MISUNDERSTOOD CHRIST

WHEN, nearly sixty years ago, I entered the Christian ministry, my conception of Christianity was something like this:

There are several great religions in the world, of which Christianity is one. Each of these world religions has its creeds, or definition of doctrine; its ceremonies, or method of expressing its worship; and its church organizations to which its votaries belong and which are the instruments of its activity. The Christian religion is the true religion; the other world religions are false. It is true that the Christian religion has a variety of creeds, rituals, and church organizations which have grown up in the eighteen centuries since the death of its founder, and that during that time some corruptions and some errors have crept in. But in the main I regarded the various forms of faith and order in the Protestant churches as unessential and permissible variations, and was a Congregationalist because I enjoyed the simplicity of its worship and its intellectual and spiritual liberty. Thus I regarded Christianity as a noble tree with many branches. Some were more healthful and fruitful than others, but all sprang from the same root, and, taken together, they constituted Christianity, or at least the complete symbol and interpretation of Christianity.

In the sixty years of my Christian ministry I have changed my point of view. I still think that the various Christian creeds, rituals, and churches have grown out of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. But I do not think that any creed or combination of creeds can adequately define Christian thought, or that any forms of worship constitute or can constitute an adequate expression of Christian experience, or that any Church or all the churches united can be anything more than an imperfect and fragmentary instrument of Christian activity.

Several times in his life Jesus Christ stated the object for which he came to earth. The earliest of these statements is contained in his first reported sermon preached in the synagogue at Nazareth, in which he declared that he had come to fulfill the prophecies in the Old Testament of a kingdom of God on the earth, and that a distinguished feature of that kingdom would be a new spirit of philanthropy.

The spirit of the Lord is upon me, he said, because he hath anointed me to preach glad tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord.

Jesus Christ came to give a new creative impulse to benevolence, and so a new meaning to human life. He put the heretic but humane Samaritan above the callous priest and Levite. He pictured life as an estate left by an absentee landlord in the care of a steward who would be tested by his treatment of the tenants. The nations accounted those great who wrung service from their inferiors; Christ accounted those great who rendered service to others. He esteemed no acts of genuine good will insignificant. Two farthings in a contribution box or a cup of cold water to a thirsty pilgrim, if the gift of a generous spirit, he esteemed an act of religion. To the men and women whom society, then as now, regarded as outcast sinners he brought promise of pardon and hope of a new life. But the man who devoted himself to accumulating and investing wealth he called a fool; and he declared that hell would be the doom of the rich man who feasted sumptuously every day and left the beggar at his door uncared for, and of the Pharisee who devoured widows' houses and for a pretense made long prayers. In the only description of the last judgment which he ever gave he declared that the Judge would measure men, not by their creeds, their church attendance, or their scrupulous observance of prescribed rituals and ordinances, but by their treatment of their fellow-men.

His life illustrated and enforced his teachings. He gave himself with utter abandon to the service of others. Were they hungry, he fed them; sick, he healed them; crazy, he restored to them their recovered minds; ignorant, he taught them; in despair, he brought them hope; isolated from their fellow-men by their pride, he pierced the walls of their prison houses with sharp invectives. The sins which aroused wrath in the religionists of his day awoke in him pity. He did not wait for repentance, but himself inspired repentance by his desire to forgive. He was as ready to give his message of good tidings to a corrupt tax-gatherer or to a woman of more than doubtful character as to an audience of thousands. Once his disciples, who had been out all night fishing and were disheartened by their failure, when they came on shore found that he had cooked their breakfast for them. Once when they had walked the dusty streets of Jerusalem with sandaled but unstockinged feet, and had hotly contested their respective rights to places of pre-eminence at the supper table, and after they had settled this important problem, he girded himself with a towel as their servant and washed their feet himself. Finally, he freely offered up his life for enemies who hated him and for companions one of whom betrayed him, one denied him, and the rest, with one exception, abandoned him.

No one will claim that benevolence was born in the first century. But it was reborn. From being an incident it gradually became, wherever the influence of Jesus Christ went, one of the great objects of life. Mr. Lecky in his "History of European Morals" has eloquently contrasted pagan and Christian philanthropy, from which volume I quote the following sentences:

> It [the Church] has covered the globe with countless institutions of mercy, absolutely unknown to the whole pagan world. It has indissolubly united, in the minds of men, the idea of supreme goodness with that of active and constant benevolence. It has placed in every parish a religious minister, who, whatever may be his other functions, has at least been officially charged with the superintendence of an organization of charity, and who finds in this office one of the most important as well as one of the most legitimate sources of his power.

But the skeptic need not go back to the past for an illustration of the power of Christ to awaken in human souls the "enthusiasm of humanity." Christ declared one object of his mission to be "to set at liberty them that are bruised." A great nation inspired by the spirit of service has given its money, its food, its sons and daughters, to set at liberty a people who were being cruelly bruised by oppression. The fact that Catholics, Protestants, Jews, and agnostics have all united in this service gives evidence

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that the Christian spirit has overflowed all the bounds set by creeds, rituals, church ordinances, and church organizations.

These works of charity have not been prescribed by rule or required by law. They have been a spontaneous activity of an inward spirit. They are an evident fulfillment of Christ's second definition of his mission: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." That this life which Christ imparts to men is the life of God in the soul of man Christ makes clear in his statement that "this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

No language is adequate to define this divine life which Christ imparts to men. But a few sentences taken from the Journal of Henri Frédéric Amiel graphically portrays it:

> As I understand it, Christianity is above all religions, and religion is not a method, it is a life, a higher and supernatural life, mystical in its root and practical in its fruits, a communion with God, a calm and deep enthusiasm, a love which radiates, a force which acts, a happiness which overflows. Religion, in short, is a state of the soul.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of liberty, not of law; of affirmations and inspirations, not of negations and prohibitions. For "Thou shalt not" Christ substitutes "Thou canst." Thus his Gospel is called the "power of God" because he inspires us to believe that in companionship with God we can accept our aspirations as divine guides and can hope that our ideals can in time be by us realized. Judaism said, "No idols;" Christ says, "God is spirit; worship him in spirit and in truth." Judaism said, "Thou shalt not steal;" Christ says, "Give to him that asketh of thee." Judaism said, Inflict on the wrong-doer no greater injury than he has inflicted on the wronged—"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth;" Jesus says: "Resent not the wrong; overcome his evil by your good."

To interpret these as commands is wholly to mistake their meaning. They are inspirations. The laws of Christ are not commands imposed from without, exacting obedience; they are interpretations of an inward life, endowments with a God-like power, promises of a divine perfection. Their meaning is made clear by the conclusion to which they lead: "Ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven; ye can become perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect." The Sermon on the Mount, which has been so often misinterpreted as analogous to the Ten Commandments, only more spiritual, ends with the promise of divine life as a free gift from the Father to all who seek it: "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give the spirit of holiness to them that ask him?"

It is extraordinary to what extent the law of taboo has found its way into the teaching of the Church despite the teaching of its Master. The Church has prohibited dancing; Christ never refers to dancing except with implied approval. The Church has urged fasting and discouraged feasting; Christ never fasted and never declined an invitation to a festivity. The Church has frowned upon fiction; Christ was a past-master in the art of story-telling. The Church has prohibited thinking; Christ habitually provoked men to think for themselves, sometimes by calling on the questioner to answer his own question: "Whom, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?" Sometimes by putting questions to his congregation and inviting their answer: "What think ye of Christ? Whose son is he?"

But Christ not only inspired this life by his teaching, it radiated from his person. Men who lived with him were transformed by their companionship. Peter, impulsive, ardent, self-confident, pushing forward into a forewarned danger and denying his Lord when that danger was imminent, became rocklike in his steadfastness, and when brought before the Jewish Council answered its order forbidding him to preach with, "We ought to obey God rather than man," and followed it with a prohibited Gospel sermon on the spot. John, by nature so vociferant that he was called a "son of thunder," and so ambitious that on the last journey of his Master to Jerusalem he sought for himself and his brother the first places in the anticipated kingdom of God, became the pre-eminent apostle of gentleness and love. And Thomas, so resolutely skeptical that he would not accept any evidence of the resurrection of Christ, when vanquished by his Master's personal presence uttered the supremest confession of faith recorded in the New Testament in his greeting, "My Lord and my God."

I think the Church has rarely comprehended the nature and extent of the inspiration which Jesus Christ has given to mankind. If we want to know what is the life which he came to give, we must ask history what is the life which he has given. The eager desire to write the biography of the Master for a people without printed books and without ability to read created a new sacred art; the desire to express the profound emotions which that story excited created a new sacred music; the desire to give enduring expression to spiritual aspirations which the new faith inspired created a church architecture which pointed by its innumerable spires heavenward, and which therefore has well been called Christian, though generally called Gothic; the faith that God had chosen a man to manifest him to his children gave to man a before unimagined dignity and created among the disciples of Christ a new spirit of mutual respect for each other's rights and each other's interests which has made slavery impossible, has revolutionized governments, has made democracy possible and public education necessary, has inspired a missionary spirit which is more than a religious propaganda, has transformed religion from a selfish seeking after salvation into an unselfish service and saving of others, and has supplanted the fear of implacable gods by love for a God of love.

Art, music, architecture, government, education, philosophy, all owe an inestimable debt to Jesus Christ, and they are all witnesses to the life which he has given to the world. But they are not that life; they are human creations inspired by that life. Every material, visible, audible thing in modern life is Christian in so far as it expresses the Christian spirit. The Sistine Madonna is no less truly Christian than the Apostles' Creed; Bach's Passion music is no less truly Christian than the Catholic Mass or the Puritan prayer-meeting; the Salvation Army is no less truly Christian than the church, whatever the history of its orders. There is no more reason why a Christian congregation should be confined to the Apostles' Creed or the Nicene Creed as a statement of its faith than why it should be confined to the psalms of David in its praises or to a reproduction in its windows of the pictures on the walls of the catacombs.

Jesus Christ formulated no creed, but he inspired men with a new power of thinking and left them to phrase their thoughts; he prescribed no ritual, but he inspired men with a new faith in God, a new hope in God, and a new love for God, and left them to create their forms of expression; he organized no church, but he inspired in men a new enthusiasm of humanity, and left them to learn how to co-operate with each other in Christian service. The Christian life can no more be confined within a church and its creeds, its rituals, and its activities than spring can be confined within a favored garden by a fence. A reverent skepticism may have in it more of the spirit of Christ than an irreverent credulity. Voltaire in making war against a cruel superstition falsely labeled Christian may have been as truly serving Christ in France as John Wesley in preaching the freedom of the Gospel in England. The passion of philanthropy in our time—healing the sick, teaching the ignorant, comforting the sorrowful, and fighting the battles of justice and liberty for the whole world—is as truly a revival of Christ's religion as any that was ever nurtured under church roofs. For the Christian religion is the life of God in the soul of man, and he who, inspired by that life, is carrying glad tidings to the poor, deliverance to the captive, sight to the blind, and liberty to the bruised, is a follower of Jesus Christ.

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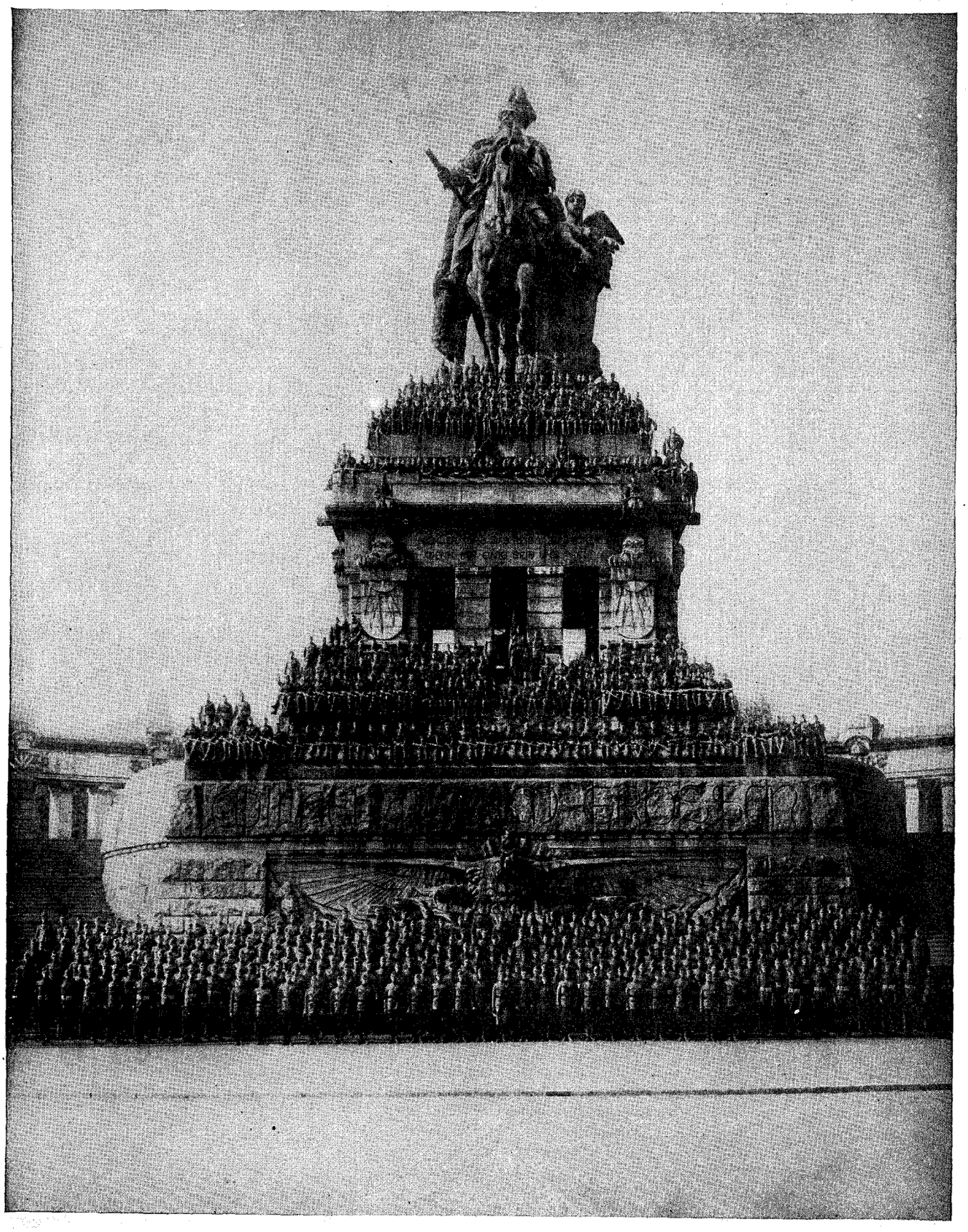

Wide World Photos

TRIUMPHANT DEMOCRACY—AMERICAN TROOPS PHOTOGRAPHED ON THE STATUE OF WILLIAM I AT THE CONFLUENCE OF THE RHINE AND MOSELLE RIVERS

The deposed Kaiser, William II, desired to have his grandfather, William I, called "William the Great." The downfall of the Hohenzollerns, great or little, is symbolized in this photograph of conquering democratic troops assembled on the statue of William I which was erected at Coblenz, at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle, in 1897. The collapse of an arrogant imperialism that sought to dominate the world has perhaps never been more completely evinced than in this picture

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Underwood & Underwood

THE "MANDARIN REVISION COMMITTEE" WHICH HAS COMPLETED A NEW BIBLE FOR THE CHINESE

The American Bible Society announces the completion of a new translation of the Bible for the Chinese; it will be known as the "Universal Mandarin Colloquial Bible," and may possibly reach more human beings than any other translation of the Bible, as this language is spoken by three-quarters of the people of China, the most populous country in the world. The photograph shows the Committee which has had the work in charge; its chairman, the Rev. Chauncey Goodrich, D.D., is the second figure from the left, with white beard

(C) Central News Photo Service

A NOVEL METHOD OF SECURING A RECORD TO IDENTIFY YOUNG CHILDREN

The picture shows Inspector Joseph Faurot, the well-known finger-print expert (sitting) and Captain John Ayres, of the Bureau of Missing Persons of the New York City Police Department, explaining to a solicitous mother a new way of establishing the identity of children by taking their "footprints." This is said to be a sure means of identification for children under five years of age. It is reported that it has been adopted by the Police Departments of Chicago and other Western cities as a precaution against the possible danger of kidnapping

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(C) Kadel & Herbert

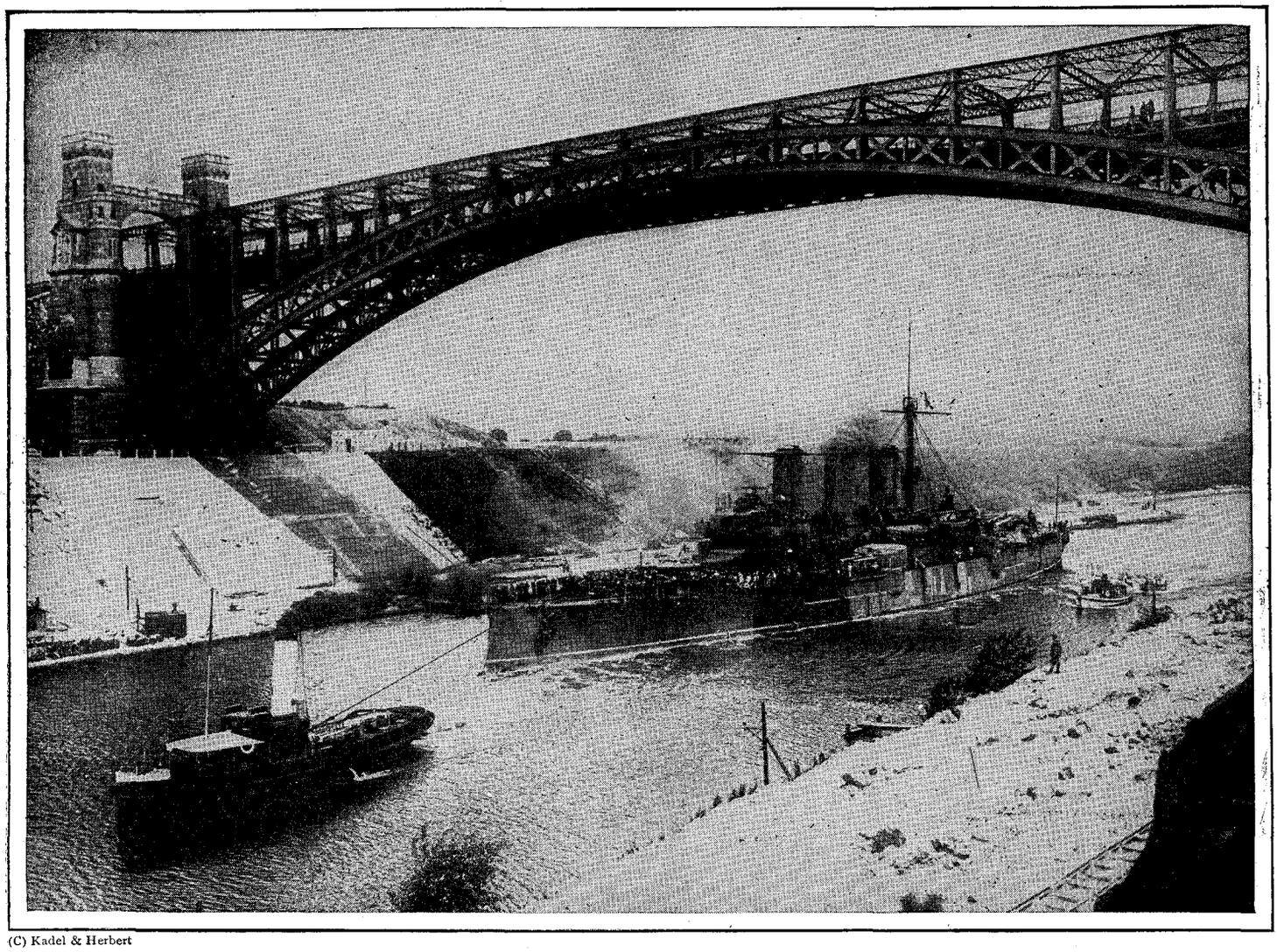
A MEMBER OF THE UNITED STATES SIGNAL CORPS "OFF DUTY" IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The mosque of Sultan Ahmed forms the picturesque background of this view in the capital city of the once great Ottoman Empire, which may soon disappear from history

(C) Press Illustrating Service

CATHOLIC MONKS IN WARSAW, THE CAPITAL OF THE NEW REPUBLIC OF POLAND

Amid the almost universal changes which have been wrought in the recent upheaval of Europe, the hold of the Church on its adherents has been strengthened rather than relaxed. The picture shows a fine type of the Polish religious devotee



(C) Kadel & Herbert

AN ITALIAN WARSHIP PASSING THROUGH THE KIEL CANAL

This vessel, the Amalfi, is said to have been one of the first non-German warships to pass through the "Kaiser Wilhelm" or Kiel Canal, which was constructed for the strategic and commercial advantage of the former German Empire, connecting the Baltic and North Seas. The high bridge shown in the picture is at Rendsburg

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

A SAINT IN TROUSERS[1]

"SINCE no saint apparently ever wore trousers or appeared to care about football knickers, I never supposed that they could be the same flesh as myself."

So speaks Dr. Grenfell of his youthful development, a statement which does not disprove the fact that in another age he would have stood a very good chance of winning the appellation which seemed so remote from his boyhood. Nor does it disprove the fact that he wears trousers of a strenuously masculine brand.

The key to Dr. Grenfell's success is to be found in his statement that the good Samaritan helped out the man who fell among thieves "because he wanted to." Dr. Grenfell has carried out his work on the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador "because he wanted to." In Mr. Roosevelt's phrase, he has had a "bully time," and the breeze of his enjoyment blows through this remarkable volume like the salt air of his own northern seas.

Fighting fog, ice, starvation, disease, and despair the length of perhaps the stormiest coast in the world, he has gone about his self-accepted task as cheerfully and as humanly as a boy rushing out for a game of ball. And he writes as he works.

Dr. Grenfell's autobiography begins with his boyhood days on the sands of Dee; it tells of his life in an English public school—there is more than one hint of "Stalky & Co." in this brief description—and of his training in the London hospitals and his work under the laconic and brusque Sir Frederick Treves, whose favorite aphorism was, "Gentlemen, the secret of surgery is the nail brush." It is a long step from the surgery of that time to the science of Carrel, but Dr. Grenfell has spanned it and he is still a young man. He was born in 1865.

Always his eyes have been turned toward the sea. As a student in London he took groups of "town cagelings" to camp with him on the wild Anglesean coast. Later he began his work among those who follow the trade of Simon Peter in the North Sea. It was not as a missionary but as a neighbor working among neighbors that he went, for all men who follow the sea know a common bond of understanding to which there is nothing comparable.

We are sure that when the appropriate occasion arises Dr. Grenfell will be found among Kipling's "jolly, jolly mariners" of whom he wrote in his "Last Chantey."

> Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners
> Crying: "Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lee!
> Must we sing forever more,
> On the windless, glassy floor?
> Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea!"
>
> Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to Him,
> And 'stablished its borders unto all eternity,
> That such as have no pleasure
> For to praise the Lord by measure,
> They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the sea.

From the North Sea Dr. Grenfell extended his work to the Labrador coast. The breadth and scope of his labor along the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland can be realized only by those who read this volume from cover to cover, and there will be few who begin with the front cover who do not reach the back. Dr. Grenfell's work along the northern shores of our continent has covered a period of twenty-seven years. He has brought not only medical science and religious devotion to that isolated land, but he has also made his work of tremendous economic and social value to the people whom so joyously he has served. He has helped them to establish co-operative stores, has fought their battles against unfair traders in fur and fish, has cared for their orphans, helped them to establish new industries, and labored for the establishment of schools. This is only a partial catalogue of his efforts. Even those who have followed his work from year to year will be amazed at the magnitude of the work which he has undertaken and accomplished.

All those who have known of his work in Labrador have realized that it has been carried on at imminent risk to his life. The navigation of a fog and rock bound coast is in itself no child's play. There is one particular adventure, however, which he recounts in this volume which may be briefly recorded here.

Attempting to cross an ice-covered stretch of bay to reach an emergency case, a shift of wind marooned him with his dogs on a little island of slob ice a few yards in diameter. After heroic effort to reach the shore across the drifting ice pans, Dr. Grenfell was forced to give up the attempt. He says:

> Five miles away to the north side of the bay the immense pans of Arctic ice were surging to and fro in the ground seas and thundering against the cliffs. No boat could have lived through such surf, even if I had been seen from that quarter. Though it was hardly safe to move about on my little pan, I saw that I must have the skins of some of my dogs, if I were to live the night out without freezing. With some difficulty I now succeeded in killing three of my dogs—and I envied those dead beasts whose troubles were over so quickly. I questioned if, once I passed into the open sea, it would not be better to use my trusty knife on myself than to die by inches.
>
> But the necessity for work saved me from undue philosophizing; and night found me ten miles on my seaward voyage, with the three dogs skinned and their fur wrapped around me as a coat. I also frayed a small piece of rope into oakum and mixed it with the fat from the intestines of my dogs. But, alas, I found that the matches in my box, which was always chained to me, were soaked to a pulp and quite useless. Had I been able to make a fire out there at sea, it would have looked so uncanny that I felt sure that the fishermen friends, whose tiny light I could just discern twinkling away in the bay, would see it. The carcasses of my dogs I piled up to make a windbreak, and at intervals I took off my clothes, wrung them out, swung them in the wind, and put on first one and then the other inside, hoping that the heat of my body would thus dry them. My feet gave me the most trouble, as the moccasins were so easily soaked through in the snow. But I remembered the way in which the Lapps who tended our reindeer carried grass with them, to use in their boots in place of dry socks. As soon as I could sit down I began to unravel the ropes from the dogs' harnesses, and although by this time my fingers were more or less frozen, I managed to stuff the oakum into my shoes.

Dr. Grenfell spent the night huddled close to his dogs under his improvised dogskin rug. The wind fortunately fell away to a flat calm and he awakened with the persistent thought that he must make a flag. Accordingly, cold as it was, he removed his shirt and, using the frozen legs of the dogs he had killed for a flagstaff, he endeavored to attract attention of some one on shore. At last his strange signal flag was seen and fishermen succeeded in reaching him through miles of floating ice.

In the hallway of Dr. Grenfell's home there stands a bronze tablet which reads:

> To the Memory of
> Three Noble Dogs
> Moody
> Watch
> Spy
> Whose lives were given
> For mine on the ice
> April 21st, 1908.

Dr. Grenfell's Labrador work needs not only his personal devotion and service, but also the aid of those who are unable to share with him such adventures as the one which we have just described. It is hoped that a million dollars at least may be raised in the near future to help in carrying on his work. There will be many who read this volume who will be glad of the chance to aid. We know of no undertaking better deserving of whole-hearted support.

[1] A Labrador Doctor. The Autobiography of Wilfred Thomason Grenfell, M.D. (Oxon.), C.M.G. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

THE NEW BOOKS

BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Book of Wonder Voyages (The). Edited by Joseph Jacobs. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This book recounts interesting voyages on the Sea of Imagination. It includes, first of all, we are glad to say, "The Voyage of the Argonauts." Turning from the Greeks to the Celts, we have "The Voyage of Maelduin." From the Arabians there are not, as one might expect, the exploits of Sindbad the Sailor, but "The Voyage to the Islands of Wak-Wak." As representing the Norsemen, those redoubtable voyagers, we have a story combining the world beyond the sea with the Eric Saga.

Boyd Smith Mother Goose (The). Illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Text Collated and Verified by Lawrence Elemendorf, M.A., Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This sumptuous volume is of course a lineal descendant of "Contes de ma Mère l'Oye" published over three hundred years ago, and doubtless is also intimately related to the book published just two centuries ago in Boston entitled "Songs for the Nursery." The illustrations, both in color and in black, are appropriate and the book should take its place in the front rank of fine editions of juvenile classics.

Burgess Bird Book for Children (The). By Thornton W. Burgess. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Mr. Burgess's "Bird Book for Children" has received the enthusiastic indorsement of Dr. William T. Hornaday, who has declared it to be the best book of its kind. Those who have children, or nieces or nephews, know how acceptable Mr. Burgess's stories are to the rising generation. Combining the views of all these authorities, it will be found that this volume is both exact and readable. It is extensively illustrated by color drawings from the brush of Louis Agassiz Fuertes.

Maid of Orleans (The). By M. S. C. Smith. Illustrated. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

The latest life of Joan of Arc is a story written in language so simple that most children should understand. It is right that children should have such a book, and

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especially at this time when the war has taught us all more than ever to admire and revere what the Maid of Orleans did for France.

Rising Wolf: The White Blackfoot. By James Willard Schultz. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

A thrilling account of life among the Indians in the early part of the last century, by a white boy who "went West" in those early days and was adopted into the Blackfeet tribe. A stirring story for boys who love guns, buffaloes, Indians, and combats with wild beasts and wild men.

Scotch Twins (The). By Lucy Fitch Perkins. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, New York.

Here is a nice story written by a woman who has the knack of story-telling and of making pictures too. Any one who doesn't already love Scotch bairns will love them after reading this book.

Wonder of War in the Holy Land (The). By Francis Rolt-Wheeler. Illustrated. The Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston.

This story for boys will give them a great deal of information about the world war as it developed in the Near East. The information is loosely tied to a tale of personal adventure. There are many pictures.

HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

Bolshevism and Social Revolt. By Daniel Dorchester, Jr. The Abingdon Press, New York.

Commercial Policy in War Time and After. A Study of the Application of Democratic Ideas to International Commercial Relations. By William Smith Culbertson. (Problems of War and Reconstruction.) D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Land of Fair Play (The). How America is Governed. By Geoffrey Parsons. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

League of Nations (The). The Way to the World's Peace. By M. Erzberger. Translated by Bernard Miall. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

President Wilson's Great Speeches and Other History Making Documents. The Stanton & Van Vliet Company, Chicago.

Three Aspects of the Russian Revolution. By Emile Vandervelde. Translated by Jean E. H. Findlay. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

Ideals of America. Analyses of the Guiding Motives of Contemporary American Life by Leaders in Various Fields of Thought and Action. Prepared for the City Club of Chicago, 1916–1919. A. C. McClurg Co., Chicago.

Were You Ever a Child? By Floyd Dell. Alfred A. Knopf, New York.

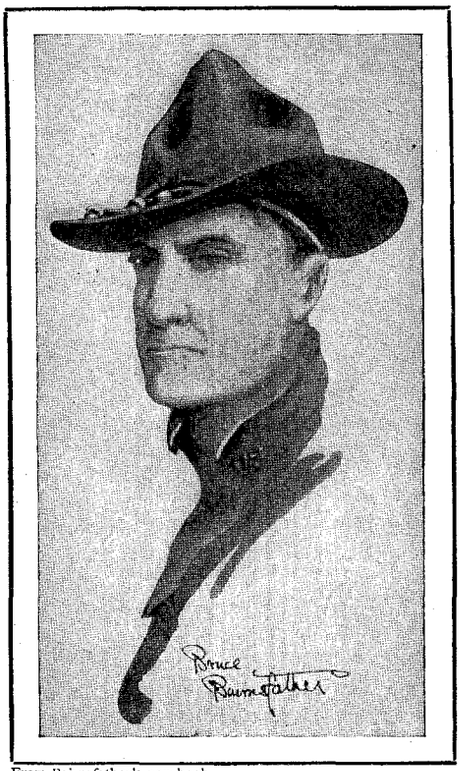
WAR BOOKS

From Mud to Mufti. By Bruce Bairnsfather. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Bruce Bairnsfather is to the humor of the war what Raemaekers is to its tragedy and its portent. He finds the secret of his own success in the fact that he served with the fighting forces as a fighting soldier. The present volume tells the story of his service and of the experiences which resulted in his telling "Fragments from France" and his equally notable "Bullets and Billets." The present volume is copiously illustrated in his best manner. Two illustrations from this volume, one a tribute to "the man who came three thousand miles" and the other a last glimpse of "Old Bill," are reproduced on this page.

Out of the Ruins. By George B. Ford. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York.

"If ever a nation has earned the right to a helping hand, it is France." So says the author on his last page. In the



From Bairnsfather's new book

THE MAN WHO CAME 3,000 MILES

300-odd pages preceding this statement he gives an admirable and at times affecting résumé both of the destruction wrought by the Huns and of the reparation work that is being done. He has taken the statistics of war and made of them a vital, timely book of genuine interest.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Apocalypse of John (The). By Isbon T. Beckwith, Ph.D., D.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The prevalent opinion of "the Revelation of St. John the Divine" (*i. e.*, theologian) regards it as a mystery book. On the contrary, Professor Beckwith, an American scholar of high degree, undertakes to show even unprofessional readers that "it is one of the most comprehensible, as it is one of the most splendid books of our Bible, and a book of extraordinary literary power."

Like the book of Daniel, the Apocalypse of John was written to meet a crisis in the Church—to hold it steadfast under persecution as a fiery trial that soon would end in triumph. Its opening sentence limits it to "the things that must shortly come to pass." Even this has not deterred childish expositors from finding in it predictions of the recent world war, even to the healing of "the deadly wound of the beast" (Rev. xiii. 3), namely, the German Kaiser's illness!

"The beast" of the Apocalypse is the Roman Emperor as an object of worship. His loyal subjects were required to burn a few grains of incense before his image. Refusal meant death, and many were the Christian martyrs.

Professor Beckwith accepts and maintains with remarkable skill the traditional belief that the Apostle John was author both of the Fourth Gospel and of the Apocalypse. The first half of his eight hundred pages is devoted to introductory studies; the remainder, to a critical commentary on the book with textual notes. A splendid treatise it is upon a splendid book, and a fresh honor to American scholarship.

From Bairnsfather's new book

By means of a Turkish bath Old Bill hopes some day to boil the effects of Plum and Apple, Bolshevism, and demobilization completely out of his system

Grammar of the Greek New Testament in the Light of Historical Research (A). By A. T. Robertson, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Litt.D. Third Edition. The George H. Doran Company, New York.

How to Teach Religion: Principles and Methods. By George Herbert Betts, Professor of Religious Education, Northwestern University. (The Abingdon Series—Religious Education Texts.) The Abingdon Press, New York.

How not to teach religion in the Sunday school and the home as well as to teach it is here set forth in many impressive contrasts. The great objective of wise teaching is the child, "to awaken his spiritual nature, and touch the springs of his emotional response to the heavenly Father." How to cultivate a religious attitude, religious ideals, loyalties, habits, and the sense of responsibility for others; how to organize the mass of material for all this in the Bible, in nature, history, and great biographies; how to make truth vivid with teaching that sticks in memory; how to protect children from intellectual difficulties, are all well answered by "a master in Israel." Professor Betts has given us by far the best book we have as yet on how to teach the child religion until he is of age to follow the way of Christ as a thing of course.

Rival Philosophies of Jesus and of Paul (The). By Ignatius Singer. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

Why We Fail as Christians. By Robert Hunter. The Macmillan Company, New York.

EDUCATIONAL

Danger Signals for Teachers. By A. E. Winship, LL.D. Forbes & Co., Chicago.

Health of the Teacher (The). By William Estabrook Chancellor. Forbes & Co., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

Army Physical Training. By Colonel William H. Waldron. Based on the System of Physical Training Employed in the United States Army. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Business Inspirations. By Christian D. Lawson. The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

Mercantile Credits and Collections. By Charles A. Meyer. The Macmillan Company, New York.

University Debaters' Annual. Edited by Edith M. Phelps. The H. W. Wilson Company, New York.

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY
SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

IN this week's Outlook there are many subjects of vital importance to every good American. Among them are "Civic Beauty," "A Capitalist's Confession of Faith," "A Russian Appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt," "Labor and the Railways," and "The Second Industrial Conference" and its "Fellowship Plan."

Civic Beauty

What primary objects should be kept in mind in planning a community? a house? But your community and your house are already planned. Mention some improvements that should be made. Are there any places in your town which you would not care to show to visitors? If so, discuss who is responsible for these. What organizations in your neighborhood are specifically interested in beautifying it? How? Are you going to take this matter up with public officials? Explain ways of interesting them in it. Report on street advertisements in your community. Discuss whether all advertising should be removed from the streets. Point out to a business man how civic beauty is commercially worth while. Define *civic center*, *mural*, *foyer*, *façade*, *plaques*, *technique*. Show the relation between civic beauty and good citizenship. All American citizens should read Chapter XVII of A. W. Dunn's "The Community and the Citizen" (D. C. Heath) and Chapter IV of R. O. Hughes's "Community Civics" (Allyn & Bacon).

A Capitalist's Confession of Faith

"All capitalists are robbers. They should be put in jail or banished from the country." Give somewhat at length your opinion of this statement. Who are *not* capitalists? You are to become a labor leader. Jot down the beliefs and ideals that are to guide you in your mission. Members of your family are employers of men and women. Tell them how you think they should treat their employees as to hours, wages, and profits. Should they allow their employees to help manage the business? Discuss. Should society allow any men to become exceedingly rich? What is your argument? The writer of this study knows of business men who sincerely believe that it would be to the best interest of our country if the masses of laboring people were kept ignorant. Tell, with reasons, whether you agree with them. Has Mr. Miller used these terms accurately: *Insolvency*, *luxury*, *radicalism*, *collective bargaining*, *open shop*? James MacKaye has presented what he terms "a Yankee view of capitalism" in his "Americanized Socialism" (Boni & Liveright). It is an argument well worth reading. Do you agree with him?

Theodore Roosevelt

Before reading Princess Radziwill's article on page 18 review your own impressions of Mr. Roosevelt. Compare these with those of Professor Martens as found in this article. Then compare these two sets of impressions with those of Mr. W. R. Thayer in his volume "Theodore Roosevelt: An Intimate Biography" (Houghton Mifflin) and those of Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott in his book "Impressions of Theodore Roosevelt" (Doubleday, Page & Co.). Report on the value of this comparative study. Professor Martens considered Mr. Roosevelt a great statesman. Who is a statesman? Does Professor Martens overestimate the importance of the Portsmouth Conference? What is the meaning of *entourage*, *plenipotentiaries*, *intransigeant*, *prevision*? In your opinion, what sort of people make a nation truly great?

How do you like the programme of the Roosevelt Memorial Association designed for schools and colleges found on page 6? Discuss how you think the different phases of this programme can be effectively carried out. Send your suggestions to Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, as he requests you to do. Name and discuss not less than five "living ideals for which Theodore Roosevelt stood."

Industrial Unrest

Was the First Industrial Conference a complete failure? In your opinion, is the suggested plan of the new Industrial Conference merely another passing device in the age-old struggle between capital and labor? Yesterday an employer of men and women said to me that there was no possible solution of the conflict between capital and labor. Is he right? Is it natural for employees to dislike employers? How many employees of your aquaintance really like to work for their employers? What, according to your experience or observation, or both, is the attitude of employers toward their employees? What is your explanation of these respective attitudes?

In its editorial on "Labor and the Railways" The Outlook says that the strike is the only effective method laboring people have of enforcing their industrial and economic demands. That is exactly what a number of wage-earners have told me recently. Is this so? If it is, can any other effective means be devised whereby working people can enforce their demands? Has The Outlook defined the term "strike" correctly? Do its illustrations concerning this term constitute convincing proof of what is and what is not a strike? Discuss whether Congress should pass a bill which would make strikes affecting public utilities unlawful. If you were a railway employee, and such a bill were passed, what would you do about it? Is it sound Americanism to believe that all laws, no matter what their nature, should be obeyed so long as they are on the statute-books? A business man recently said: "The Government should have nothing to do with business. It should take its hands off business and keep them off." Is this sound opinion? There are those who advocate the formation of a National Labor party. Would this end our labor problems?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestion to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.

Whether you teach

—ancient history
—bacteriology
—interior ballistics
—practical mechanics
—impractical ethics
—abnormal psychology
—differential calculus
—kindergarten
—applied design
—misapplied economics
—hippology
—pomology
—I. D. R.
—political science
—orchestration
—matriarchy
—genetics
—peripatetics
—home rule
—navigation
—fancy sewing

it might be a good idea for you to send for the new 1920 booklet of "Suggestions for Using The Outlook in the Teaching of Current History, Americanism, Practical Civics and Modern English." It will help you to see, perhaps, why the teachers in these four subjects interest their classes so vitally.

There is neither charge nor obligation. Simply drop a line of inquiry to

The Educational Department
The Outlook
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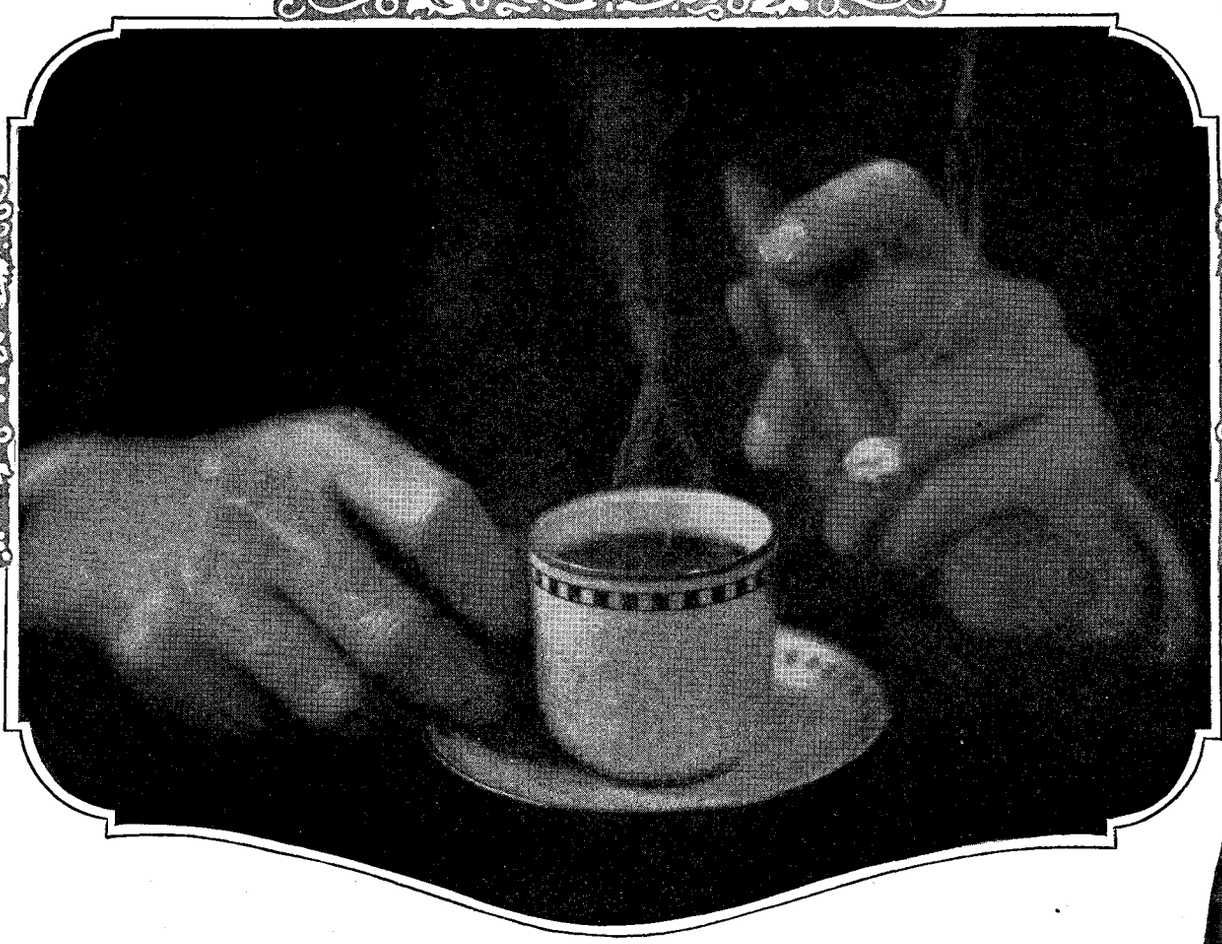


Confessions of a Mild Havana

FOR years now, men who had a hankering for ripe Havana leaf made palatably mild, have found in Robt. Burns their *beau-ideal.*

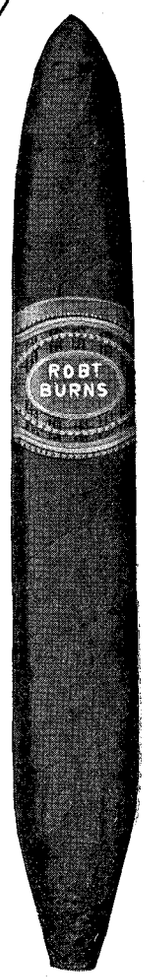
Robert Burns explains it thus: "My *full Havana filler* rarely fails to give my friends delight. The fact is, special curing brings my choice Havana to just the right degree of mildness. My delicately neutral Sumatra wrapper leaf *helps* that mildness. Deft fingers fashion my well-proportioned, easy-drawing form.

"But after all, the test lies here: Suppose you ask my friends among the trade, *what luck they have with substitutes.*"

* * *

A WORTHY TEST, but here's a better yet; suppose you interview Robt. Burns himself. Keen smokers, men who *know,* declare he's an even better cigar than ever—which is saying much.

General Cigar Co., INC.
119 West 40th Street, New York City.



HAVE YOU TRIED ONE *LATELY?*

Robt. Burns Cigar

ROB'T BURNS
Invincible
2 for 25c
13c for 1
Box of 50—$5.75

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Any Time of Day
BAKER'S COCOA
is welcome

Do not make the mistake of thinking that cocoa is only an occasional drink. It is so valuable a food beverage, so rich in the elements of nutrition, so delicious in flavor, and so wholesome that it should be used regularly and often.

Booklet of Choice Recipes sent free.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
Established 1780
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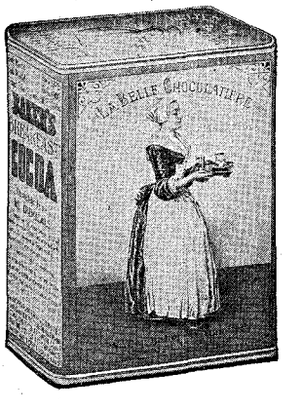
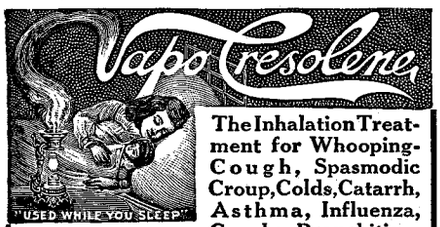




The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 31.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

MOTOR TRUCKS IN THE BUILDING INDUSTRY

WHEN the first of the Pharaohs, some centuries ago, contemplating the reports of sundry specialists who had been called to probe the royal anatomy, concluded that as an insurance prospect he was no longer to be rated as A-1, and that in the natural process of events he was destined to check his mortal baggage at the dock of the River Styx at an early date, it will be recalled that he was impressed with the necessity of building himself a monument, lest his glories be soon forgotten.

"Summon my bearded architects," he said, "and have them plan for me a memorial that will endure until the end of time. Never mind how long it takes to build it—what are a hundred years to the Pharaohs? And what are the lives of a hundred thousand slaves whose toil it takes? Don't bother me with it again. Build it."

So the ancient masters ordered and the work began. The world moved sluggishly in those days. Speed had not become an essential of life. What one generation began but failed to finish another generation took up. Artisans spent a lifetime on a single piece of construction, and, dying, passed down their tools to their children, who completed the job. The world moved on man power. The straining muscles of a thousand slaves drove the galleys of Phœnicia, of Carthage, and of Rome; the broad shoulders of an army of Egyptian bondsmen bent beneath the ponderous masonry of the Pyramids.

The stolid ox, first of earth's strong creatures to be drafted to the cause of transportation, was the symbol of the speed required by the age, and for many years he met every need. But with increase of population came increase of the world's demands. More rapid action, more strength, greater efficiency, became the cry. Then came the horse, his strength multiplying man power and localizing it to the tasks demanding it, his speed widening the radius of the world's commerce.

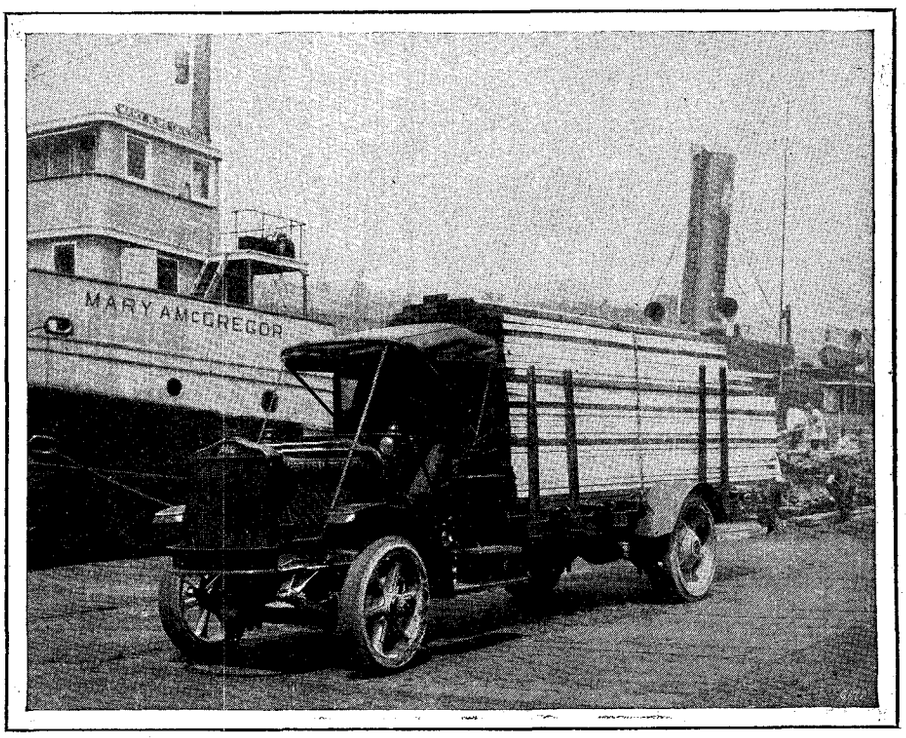
For centuries the horse endured as the symbol of the speed and strength essential for the world's necessities, and until the early days of the twentieth century he reigned supreme, the dominating factor in transportation, man's invaluable friend and aid.

But to-day Dobbin is passing.

The genius of man, spurred on by the necessities of the race, has harnessed the strength of threescore horses in a compact motor, mounted it on frames of steel stronger than any combination of flesh and bone, vitalized it by electric currents—and behold the modern passenger car, swifter than the dreams of a decade ago, and the modern motor truck, epitome of power and stamina, the incarnation of the strength of a thousand slaves of pyramid days, fit symbol of the new era of swiftly advancing progress which is the heritage of the twentieth century.

There are multiplying evidences that the "passing of Dobbin" is not a mere figure of speech. Here in America these evidences are particularly convincing. Rapid as has been the progress in the past decade, it is obvious that the natural needs of the American people have not multiplied to such an extent as to permit the absorption of more than six million motor cars of various types into the ordinary channels of transportation without displacing a considerable number of horses heretofore employed.

In the commercial field practically every installation of a motor truck means the



LOADING LUMBER FROM LAKE VESSEL
This truck has the roller body referred to in the article

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Just before the Auction. Park of 253 Miscellaneous Used Trucks, waiting to be sold to the highest bidder. Representing an initial investment of $750.000.00 and an average depreciation of over 60 per cent.

Who gets the Advantage

"CONDITIONS will settle themselves as soon as every man figures his prices on a *rock-bottom basis,*" says an international authority on Commerce.

"Inflation in one line means inflation all along the line. No man knows where he stands. The only advantage is with the shrewd trader."

FROM the very start the Packard Company has made the rock-bottom price one of its foundation principles.

The Packard list price is *net.*

The Packard Truck is built to give assured Transportation for ten years *and more.*

A truck of *unified* design and construction. A Packard *creation*—not an assembled truck.

Each part a *Packard* part—designed for its type of truck, with the same factor of service as every other part. Subject to rigid Packard inspection clear back to the ore in the mine and the standing timber in the forest.

The Packard Company recognizes that when the merchant, the industrial man, the farmer, buys a truck he is really buying *transportation.*

What he is looking for is *net* results—*net* costs—*net* values.

THE Packard Company are experts in Transportation. Every activity of the Packard Organization comes down to this one great service—*transportation at net cost.*

The man who buys a Packard Truck gets it on the basis of *dollar for dollar value*—not because he is a "shrewd trader," but because the truck is built and priced that way.

"Ask the Man Who Drove One in France"

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Detroit*

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As good as winter clothing

Because, like winter clothing, Piso's protects young and old from the effects of winter weather. It relieves coughs and soothes inflamed throats and hoarseness.

Always keep it in the house—its use often prevents little ills from developing into real sickness.

30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

SEXOLOGY

Illustrated. All in one volume, $2.25 post'd.

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.
imparts in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
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Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
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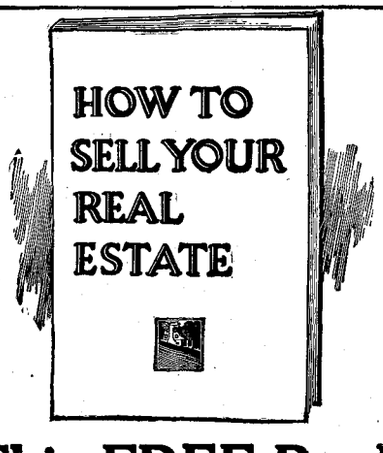
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents

Puritan Pub. Co., Dept. 768, Central, Philadelphia, Pa.



This FREE Book

tells how you can get cash for your property by using the *Simplex Plans for Selling Real Estate*, which have already sold more than 5,000 properties of all kinds in the U. S. and Canada. No matter where your property is located, these successful plans will show you how to sell it *yourself*, without employing agents or paying commissions to any one. Don't spend a *minute's* time, an *ounce* of effort or a *cent* of money *trying* to sell without first reading this important book, and learning *how* to sell your property *quickly, economically* and at the *highest possible price*. The reading of this book has *saved property owners hundreds and thousands of dollars in commissions* and it can do the same for you. As the book is sent *absolutely free*, you have *everything to gain* and *nothing to lose*.

Send your name and address at once—a postal will do—and you will receive by return mail, postpaid, a copy of this important book, *without cost or obligation*.

THE SIMPLEX CO.
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Quick Results!

"Sold my house within two weeks by following the Simplex Plans."—*F. Stark, Wis.* "Sold for cash in 10 days. —*W. H. Cartland, Mass.* "Sold my property. Your plan quickest I ever saw." —*Johnson String, N. J.* "Sold my home for cash within three weeks."—*M. E. Lounsberry, Okla.* "Sold my lots for cash."—*R. P. Moodie, Ottawa, Can.* "Sold for cash within a few weeks."—*M. P. Jones, Iowa.*

MOTOR TRUCKS IN THE BUILDING INDUSTRY *(Continued)*

curtailment of the number of horses used, and, in most instances, is the forerunner of the complete passing of horse equipment.

In Chicago, for instance, the decrease is dramatically shown in a comparison of the number of licenses granted for horse-drawn vehicles during the past five years. The figures are as follows:

1914	70,843
1915	67,385
1916	63,803
1917	60,415
1918	51,793

From these figures it will be noted that there has been a decrease approximating twenty-seven per cent in five years, and that 1918, a year that marked a sudden appreciation of commercial car service, due to the excessive demands placed upon all producers by the war, showed a net decrease of 8,622 horse-drawn vehicles over the year previous.

The conservatism of this percentage is indicated by figures obtainable for New York City, where in the older and more congested boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn about thirty-eight per cent of the horses have been displaced. In 1910 the census enumerators found 128,224 horses in New York City. By the stable enumeration of the Sanitary Bureau of the Board of Health, 108,036 horses were found in 1917 and 75,740 in 1919.

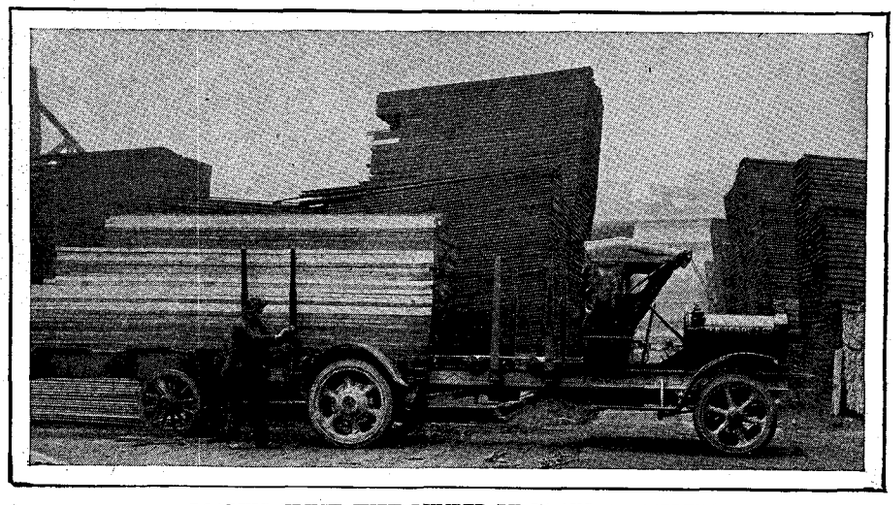
In no other single avenue, in war or peace, has the passing of the horse been more rapid than in the building industry. This industry lends itself particularly to motorization, and immeasurable efficiency has been added to it by the substitution of motor trucks for horse-drawn equipment.

The builder who attempted to meet the requirements of the present day with antiquated horse-drawn equipment would find himself out of the running. The motor truck is his one salvation. It is his greatest aid in the attainment of speed.

Motor trucks serve the builder at every stage of construction. They help, in many instances, to raze older buildings on the locations where new structures are to go up. They haul the engineers to the sites; they haul away the earth from the excavations. They haul back the stone and steel, the brick and cement, of which the foundations are built. They haul the lumber, the marble, the brass, the hardware, the ornamentation. They deliver the heating and lighting plants and fixtures, the plumbing, paints, the furniture and telephone systems. At every point of contact they speed up the process of building and making ready. Although motor trucks have been generally used by builders only within the last ten years, every great city in America boasts of millions of dollars' worth of construction in which horses have played but a minor part.

A notable case in point is that of the $4,000,000 high-level bridge spanning the Cuyahoga River at Cleveland and connecting the eastern and western sections of that great city.

To this one structure alone a fleet of trucks hauled 543,000 sacks of cement, 69,692 tons of sand, 15,653 tons of limestone, 108,900 cubic yards of mixed concrete, several thousand cubic yards of slag, and many hundred tons of steel, miscellaneous building materials, tools, and supplies—a miracle of carrying service which, it is freely conceded, enabled the builders to complete this monumental work many months before it could possibly have been completed without the use of these trucks, saved the city thousands of dollars, and materially aided in reducing traffic congestion at a time when each passing day added to the seriousness of traffic problems.



LOADING TRUCK WITH LUMBER BY MEANS OF ROLLERS

In the transportation of building supplies under widely varying conditions dealers and producers have found that the use of a high-grade motor truck is a guarantee of dependable hauling at the lowest possible cost. With such equipment the builder has an independent transportation system, which, rightly used, is an investment yielding a high return, a perpetual insurance against the chance of impaired transportation that might mean financial loss to him.

Reasons for the increased use of motor trucks in the building industry are contained in statements made by representative concerns in the trade.

Potter, Teare & Co., Cleveland, are manufacturers of lumber. Fred. P. Potter, head of the firm, credits the company's fleet of trucks with saving the concern from being "swamped" during the past summer. Mr. Potter says the increased demand for products is being met by "perpetual motion," his characterization of a method of operating the trucks by which none of the machines' time is taken up with waiting for loads. The loads are prepared while the trucks are out on trips. Then, upon the arrival of each truck at the company's plant, its assembled freight is quickly loaded by means of rollers and the truck goes away on its delivery trip.

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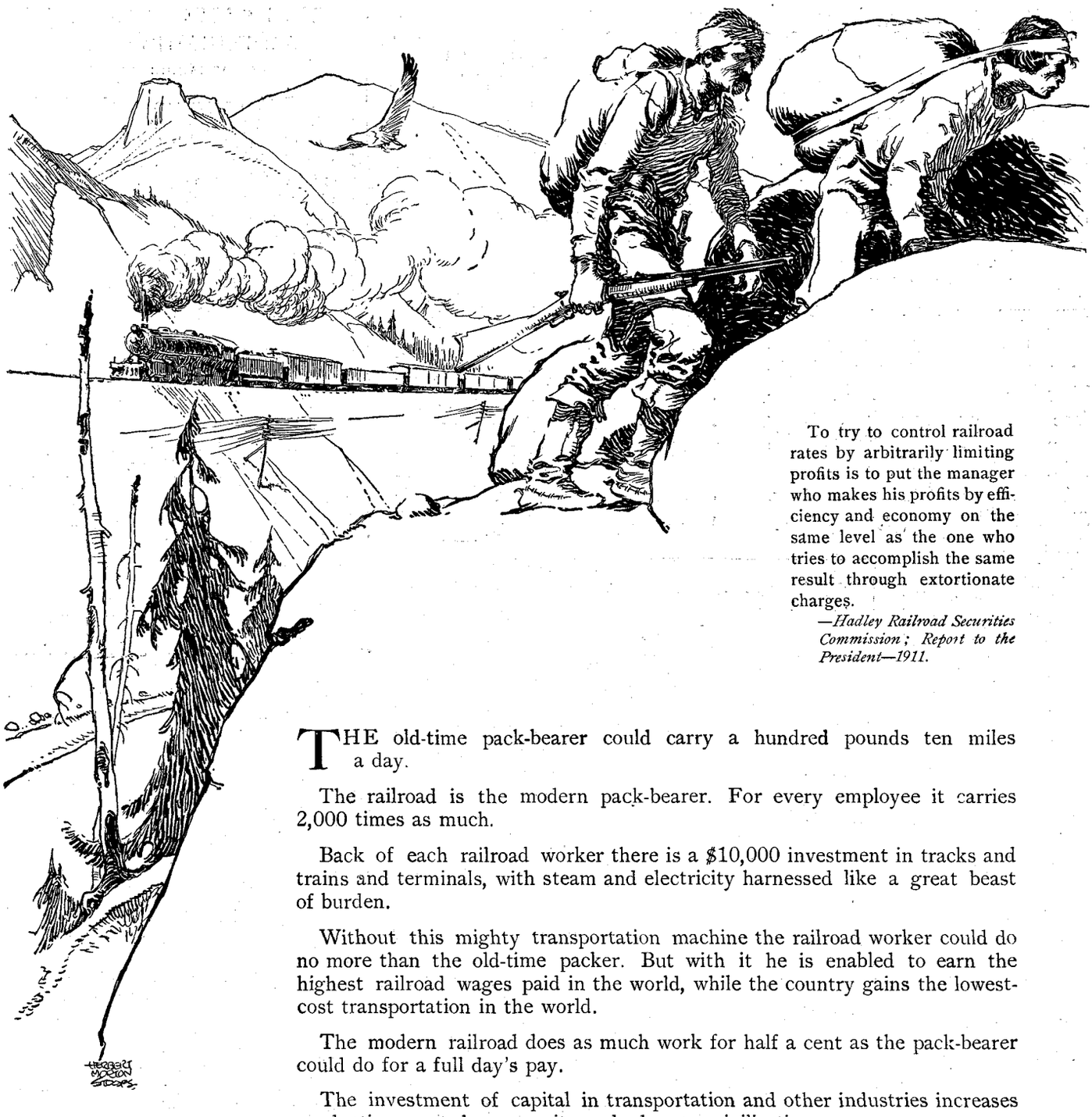

To try to control railroad rates by arbitrarily limiting profits is to put the manager who makes his profits by efficiency and economy on the same level as the one who tries to accomplish the same result through extortionate charges.

—Hadley Railroad Securities Commission; Report to the President—1911.

THE old-time pack-bearer could carry a hundred pounds ten miles a day.

The railroad is the modern pack-bearer. For every employee it carries 2,000 times as much.

Back of each railroad worker there is a $10,000 investment in tracks and trains and terminals, with steam and electricity harnessed like a great beast of burden.

Without this mighty transportation machine the railroad worker could do no more than the old-time packer. But with it he is enabled to earn the highest railroad wages paid in the world, while the country gains the lowest-cost transportation in the world.

The modern railroad does as much work for half a cent as the pack-bearer could do for a full day's pay.

The investment of capital in transportation and other industries increases production, spreads prosperity and advances civilization.

To enlarge our railroads so that they may keep pace with the Nation's increasing production, to improve them so that freight may be hauled with less and less human effort—a constant stream of new capital needs to be attracted.

Under wise public regulation the growth of railroads will be stimulated, the country will be adequately and economically served, labor will receive its full share of the fruits of good management, and investors will be fairly rewarded.

This advertisement is published by the Association of Railway Executives.

Those desiring information concerning the railroad situation may obtain literature by writing to The Association of Railway Executives, 61 Broadway, New York

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Makes Shaving Easier

A New Way to Soften the Beard

Trial Tube Free

Shavaid is a new scientific preparation which simplifies shaving. It saves time. It does away with hot towels, with all rubbing in. Instead of irritating the skin, it soothes it. Because it does these things, Shavaid is being welcomed by men the country over.

THE old way of preparing the face for shaving is all wrong. Hot towels and rubbing in draw the blood to the surface at the wrong time. They open the pores. They irritate the skin, make it tender.

These methods are unnecessary. Shavaid does instantly what they were intended to do. It keeps the skin in normal condition, soothes and cools it.

A Quick Shave

You coat the dry beard thinly with Shavaid. Then apply your favorite lather. Do not rub it in. Shavaid works better if the lather is merely spread on. Note the cooling, soothing effect. The lather stays moist and creamy.

Now you are ready to shave. The blade "takes hold," because the hairs are properly softened. There is no "pull." The beard comes off easily, smoothly. No need for lotions or creams afterward. No injury has been done—no medicaments are needed. This way is quicker, it is more satisfactory. Yet it protects the skin. Harsh treatments bring wrinkles too soon.

Benefits the Skin

Men who shave close find Shavaid a revelation. There is no "drawn," smarting feeling. No need to soothe the skin with witch hazel or lotions. Shavaid keeps the skin firm and smooth. Wrinkles do not come as quickly. The natural oils are preserved.

Shavaid was perfected after long scientific study and countless experiments. It is the product of a company which for 25 years has been inventing new helps for mankind. It fills a real need which every man has felt.

Shavaid

Softens the beard instantly
—apply to dry face before the lather.

Saves time and trouble
—no hot water, no "rubbing in" of the lather.

Protects the face
—skin remains firm and smooth.

Removes the razor "pull"
—harsh ways age the skin prematurely.

Replaces after-lotions
—Shavaid is a cooling, soothing balm.

Try It Yourself

Many men are using Shavaid. They would not shave again without it. But you must find out for yourself. You must have your own evidence.

We want you to have a Free Trial Tube. Just fill out the coupon and mail it—now—before you forget it.

After you have used your Trial Tube all up, you can get it from your druggist at 50c a tube. Or, if he cannot supply you, we will be pleased to fill your order direct.

B&B

Shavaid

At Druggists—50c a Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Free Trial Tube

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Ill.

Mail free trial tube of Shavaid to

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

39

THE "AMERICAN" IN AMERICANIZATION

BY KATHARINE HENRY

SEVERAL years ago a series of neighborhood prayer-meetings were held in our town in order to prepare the way for a religious campaign. The evening that we met at the home of Mr. Wells the prayers took the usual form—every petitioner asked, in one phrasing or another, that the hearts of the sinners on the street might be touched, so that when we good people went out from that room our labors with them might not be in vain. But when Mr. Wells, whose heart is filled with the love of God, and therefore with the love of man, offered his fervent prayer, he asked that we might so live that as we moved among our fellow-men our influence might be for good; that our hearts might be filled with sympathy and brotherhood, so that if we ever felt it wise to speak we might say the right thing in the right way.

Many of the discussions on Americanization resemble that prayer-meeting—so few of them recognize the two sides. I met recently this definition: "Americanization is the preparation of the hearts of the native-born properly to receive and befriend the foreign-born." This is not far from Mr. Wells's prayer nor from the spirit of this letter: "Much of the success in Americanization work depends upon the reception of the alien by the native-born. A good deal of the work in the large cities has been a flat failure despite glowing magazine and newspaper accounts, and one reason is that the foreign-born receives no welcome from the native American. I live in an old part of the city of M——, into which foreigners are rapidly moving, and I am constantly surprised and pleased at the great friendliness of the men and women and their appreciation of a mere greeting on the street."

About ten years ago a man whose name ends with the despised "ski" bought a property in a somewhat exclusive section of my home town. Some of his "American" neighbors were up in arms and took no pains to conceal their unfriendliness. Years ago that man came over from Hungary in the steerage in order to enjoy "the blessings of liberty" with us. By hard work, thrift, and the use of his brains he rose from sweat-shop work to a cobbler's bench of his own, then a small shoe store, then a large business. He is very courteous, speaks five languages and several dialects. He is a great reader, and by his knowledge of European life can discuss the late war more understandingly than any other resident on the hill. He and his wife are faithful church members and among the kindest neighbors my mother has ever had. They gave generously to all war and reconstruction work, and are equally liberal in local charities; they are a benefit to the community. They are very sensitive to "the mere greeting on the street," yet few of their neighbors have shown any kindly disposition toward them. They are made to feel that they are aliens.

When two boys are out gathering berries and the one who finds a nice patch refuses to let his chum share them, even on the edge, we say things about that boy. Some of us are no better. Of course we cannot countenance the boy who interferes with our own picking, who tramples down the whole patch and has no respect for any one's rights; he must be handled effectively. But when he behaves as well as he knows how, probably better than we do,

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what right have we to deny him a share of the general good fortune?

I cannot conceive how any one who has ever seen peasant women unloading coal barges in Italy, irrigating vineyards on the banks of the Rhine by means of a bucket and a gourd, old, white-haired women cracking stones on the public roads of Germany, or seen their coarse, scant food and comfortless homes, can fail to be glad when they have achieved America. It is not always pleasant to sit beside an unwashed, garlic-scented passenger in a car nor to encounter a pack of shuffling, jabbering aliens on the street; but if we can look back to what they have left behind and forward to all that America will mean to their children and what their children may mean to America, the passing discomfort is trifling.

Some years ago, as I stood on the deck of a boat that was steaming into New York Harbor, a fresh-faced German girl, with the appealing eyes that they nearly all have, said to me: "*Bitte, wo ist das Freiheit Statue?*" I took her to the other side of the boat, and as she gazed and gazed her face was wonderful to see. I do not think it was the art, it was the *Freiheit* that appealed to her. The statue was the symbol for all that America meant to her.

The most beautiful tribute to that statue that I have ever heard was voiced by a crude, unlettered Polish girl. She said, in her broken way: "The lady stand where the ships come in and say: 'Come in, all you Polish girls, come in, come in, to America where it is a chance for you; I light you the way.' And to the ships that go out she say: 'Go tell more Polish girls, *and others*, to come; oh, tell them to come! I light you the way.'"

And then when these girls do come!

Americanization may be a job for the schools, and the employers, and the Government; but far more is it the job of every American—man, woman, and child. Last winter I knew a woman who worked herself sick for the sufferers in Belgium, but gave never a thought nor a friendly word to her little Polish maid who was worrying day and night over her people. Her brother and sister had been carried off by the invading army, her father's farm had been robbed of everything that could be carried off; she was all alone in America, but to her mistress she was only a stupid "foreigner."

Americanization, like charity, need not always go far afield. In a city near my home several cultured women have organized meetings right in the homes of foreigners in the "iron-bound district." They induce these foreign mothers to make their own programmes as much as possible, discussing the new problems that the new country brings them, the need for learning English, how to do it, thrift, ways to invest money, the care of their children, and similar interests. Occasionally a nurse or a school man or an American mother speaks to them. Being an American is like being a Christian—not a matter of a few hours, a week, or a few days in the year, but an *all day* job and *every* day.

These same foreigners can help Americanize some of us if we will only heed the lesson. A gentleman, speaking on this subject a few weeks ago, told how gladly and how feelingly groups of foreigners from many lands sing our National hymns under a song leader. When I asked him which group sings these hymns with more

Food Up 85%

So statistics show at this writing, compared with pre-war cost. That's the average on common foods.

On this account, about 9 in 10 are underfed. So states a Chicago Board of Health authority.

That is, most men don't get what men must have—3,000 calories of nutriment per day. So the facts here stated are of paramount importance.

One Cent Per Dish

Buys the Supreme Food—Quaker Oats

Quaker Oats is prepared from the greatest food that grows.

It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

Yet Quaker Oats costs one cent per big dish. A whole dish costs you no more than a bite of meat.

Saves You 88%

Foods are compared by calories, the energy measure of food value. A man must have at least 3,000 calories per day, a boy at least 2,000.

At this writing, some necessary foods cost as follows on this basis:

Cost Per 1000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
Eggs about	70c
Average Fish	50c
Vegetables	11c to 75c

So Quaker Oats, per 1,000 calories, costs you 88 per cent less than meats, eggs and fish on the average.

Let Quaker Oats cut down your breakfast cost. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

Quaker Oats

With That Matchless Flavor

When you buy oats get Quaker Oats for their exquisite flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Don't miss this extra flavor when it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover (3289)

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Are you tired again this morning?"

UNRESTFUL slumber—zest for neither breakfast nor work—nothing but a dreary vision of a tired day—of "I don't know what's come over me."

The steady grind and shocks of work and worry have worn out the nerves' reserve. Short of a complete rest, a scientific food-tonic is the one thing urgently needed—and that means Sanatogen.

For, as Sir Gilbert Parker, the statesman-novelist, writes: "Sanatogen is a true food-tonic, feeding the nerves, increasing the energy and giving fresh vigor to the overworked body and mind."

To this statement thousands of brain-workers unhesitatingly subscribe, some even going as far as Arnold Bennett, the famous writer, who exclaims, "The tonic effect of Sanatogen is simply wonderful!"

In the face of such unparalleled proof can you fail to realize that Sanatogen stands ready to give you real help?

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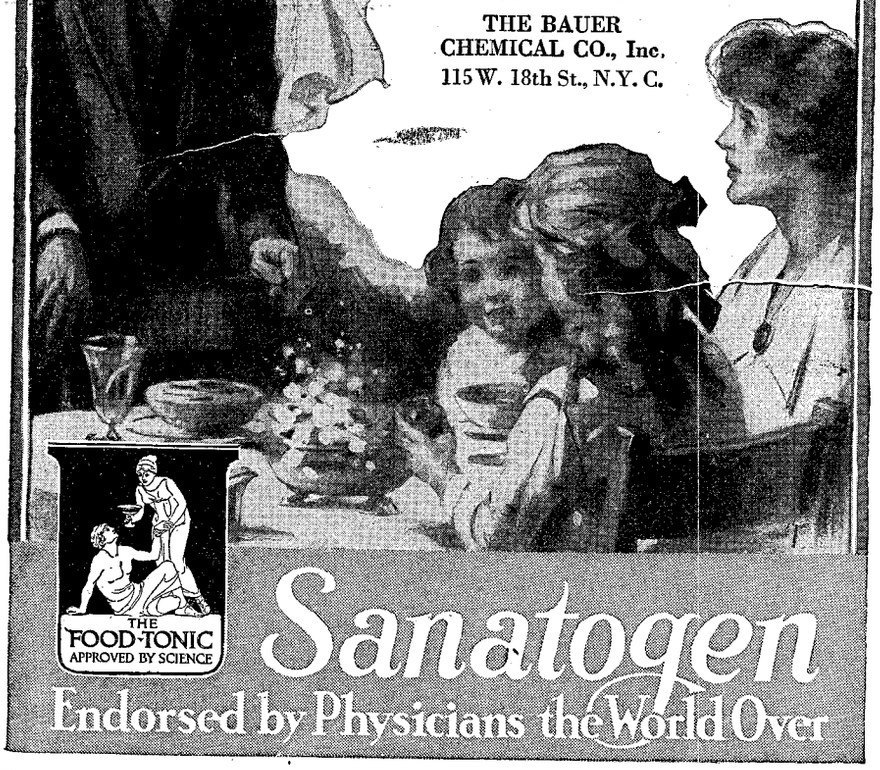

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THE "AMERICAN" IN AMERICANIZATION (*Continued*)

enthusiasm and vim, a hall full of foreigners, or an equal number of native-born, he looked at me with a trace of pity for my ignorance and said: "Why, the foreigners, of course. They always do."

Even the illiterate can sing the songs of their Fatherland; they seem to have imbibed them with their native air. Can we sing ours?

Some years ago as a large boat was nearing New York Harbor the passengers assembled in the lounge for the last evening and spent part of the time singing. It chanced that some one started the "Marseillaise." Every Frenchman joined in rousing tones and they sang it through to the end. The English sang next, then the Germans, then came the "Hymn to Garibaldi," sung in a way to thrill one. "America" was started, and, as a goodly proportion of the passengers were Americans, the first stanza was sung with volume. In the second many singers dropped by the wayside; and in the third stanza, before all those people from other countries, within sight of the lights of their native land, those Americans broke down! The quickening influences of the last four years have improved this state of affairs, but we are still deplorably behind the stranger within our gates.

One of our educators gave this recipe for bringing up children to be polite, kind, patient, considerate, and courteous: "Be polite, kind, patient, considerate, and courteous yourself." The first essential in helping a foreigner to become a good American citizen is to be a good American citizen one's self.

One afternoon my sister and I went shopping in a foreign city. As the day waned we took a cab for our hotel, but directly we saw that we were off our course. We stopped the driver and explained as best we could with our limited vocabulary that he was not taking the right direction. He nodded, gesticulated, and drove on. We were being carried farther and farther away from home, but a second halt ended the same way. Either we could not make him understand or he was willfully carrying us to a distant part of the strange city. As the twilight came nearer and nearer we did not like the situation at all. So we stopped, paid our fare, and set out on foot. But what to do? We were afraid to speak even the few words we knew to any but those in uniform. After putting questions and failing eight times, we met a shopkeeper who understood and could help. By a slight change of accent we had misdirected our driver. The old shopkeeper secured another cab and saw us safely on our way. Suppose I had been alone and penniless and illiterate!

The very first train I entered after I returned to America contained a newly arrived Hungarian woman bound for the coal regions of Pennsylvania. Perhaps she had crossed on the same boat with me. She had her ticket, but she could not read it, could not understand the impatient conductor nor any one around her. At every stop she rose, with baby and bundles, and asked if that was her town. By comparing seat checks and by a generous use of sign language I told her that I was going to the same place and would stay near her. After changing cars twice I delivered her and her baby to the anxious husband at the depot. She chattered a string to him, then took my hand and kissed it, her tears drop-

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ping on it, and passed it over to him. His lips were dumb, but his eyes were full of gratitude as he bowed low over my hand and also kissed it.

In speaking to a teacher in an evening school for foreigners I said, "I don't see how you can teach all day and then again in the evening." She replied, "If you could see the eagerness and gratitude and the courtesy of even the most uncouth man in my room, you'd see why I *love* them and why the evening is a pleasure and not a task."

There are among this great stream of immigrants some who are not yet ready for the things that the Statue of Liberty stands for. The same is true of some of the native-born. The large majority need only a little kindness and patience. Their greatest need is "the preparation of the hearts of the native-born properly to receive and befriend the foreign-born."

ROOSEVELT AS A PHRASE-MAKER

BY CECILIA KAYS

Were a modern Odyssey to be sung with Roosevelt as its hero, one of the Homeric epithets applied to him would certainly be "the maker of phrases." Probably since Shakespeare there has been no man whose expressions have been so widely quoted. In our American vernacular we have now embodied innumerable expressions that he coined or that have acquired a distinctive meaning from association with his personality.

Roosevelt had a canny sense of humor that manifested itself largely in the coining of expressions. He spoke of "embalmed beef," and the Beef Trust never quite recovered from the epithet. He called some of the minor European monarchs "bush league czars," and an elderly politician "a fuddy-duddy with sweetbread brains," which would probably strike even the victims as funny; but such expressions as "rosewater reformers," "outpatients of Bedlam," and "wallowing in an emotional mud-bath of one part self-pity and three parts malice towards others," have back of the humor an unmistakable though well-deserved sting.

With his accurate knowledge of nature and his passion for truth and genuineness, he had little sympathy with the nature writers in vogue who wrote stories giving to animals the powers and emotions of man, so he soon dubbed them as "nature fakers." From "Pilgrim's Progress" he took the term "muck-raker," and gave it new life by applying it to a class of journalists that was considered quite important to the Nation at the time, and increasing rapidly in numbers and prominence. So to the muck-raker in the classic who would neither look up nor regard the crown he was offered, but continued to rake to himself the filth of the floor, he compared the writer who refuses to see anything that is holy or good in life, but fixes his attention on what is debasing. In the newspaper world the expression became a generic term for the writer who makes a business of exposing real or supposed evils, and undoubtedly did a great deal to change the trend of American journalism.

When discussing the Monroe Doctrine, Roosevelt once said: "There is an old adage which runs, 'Speak softly and carry a big stick; you will go far.' If the American Nation will speak softly yet build and

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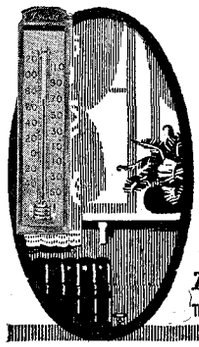

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ROOSEVELT AS A PHRASE MAKER

(Continued)

keep at a pitch of the highest training a thoroughly efficient Navy, the Monroe Doctrine will go far." Immediately this expression was seized upon and soon came to mean infinitely more than the sense in which he used it. Particularly in the questions concerning trusts and corporations people called the Roosevelt policy the "big stick." Not long before his death he himself parodied the expression by speaking of the people who "instead of speaking softly and carrying a big stick, speak bombastically and carry a dish-rag."

"Parlor Bolshevists," "hyphenated Americans," "broomstick preparedness," "the square deal," "the strenuous life," "race suicide," "gag rule," "mollycoddles," and "keeping open the door of hope to our Negro population" have all passed through the mint of his mind and come to us as Roosevelt coins that will ever enrich our speech.

Aside from these definite examples of his own expressions we have a host of terms that have gathered meaning from association. As a result of his hunting trips our children have had for almost a generation the Teddy Bear as a favorite plaything. A distinct type of soldiery is meant and always will be meant by Rough Riders. The term "Bull Moose" brings to the American mind a picture of the splendid virility of the man himself. When the ship with the victorious Rough Riders reached America, a political delegate was the first man to board it and inquire about Colonel Roosevelt's health. "I feel like a bull moose," he replied, and in the campaigns that followed the term became a political byword.

In Roosevelt's private letters and in reproductions of his conversation there is hardly a sentence that does not give evidence of this extraordinary gift he possessed of characterizing aptly in a word or two all the essential features of a situation. When he first entered politics, he remarked that he felt a distrust for the "professional know-nothing." He speaks of the unforgivable crime as being "soft hitting," and of hardness of heart not being as bad as "softness of head." He says that the "closet philosopher" is useless to the Nation, and describes the men who "have a gift at office mongering just as other men have a peculiar knack of picking pockets." Also he condemns the "professional pacifists" who seek to "Chinafy" the country and put a "pigtail on Uncle Sam." He talks of the "Cubist school in patriotism" and of "weasel words" that suck the meaning out of what you say; of the unwholesome parochial spirit that makes for "patriotism of the belfry;" and of the men who "measure everything by the shop-till and who have the imagination of a green-grocer with the heart of a Bengalese baboo."

When President Wilson refused his request to lead a division of troops in France, he remarked to a friend, "Personally I find this a very *exclusive* war." And in one of his letters to his children he speaks of an "exquisite jest" perpetrated by Quentin, who, a small boy at the time, was discovered putting sulphuretted hydrogen in the beds of some of his guests at the White House.

It is in his letters to his children that we find a key to an understanding of Roosevelt's power of phraseology. His expressions were always so peculiarly character-

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istic, because he never, even in simple things, followed the stereotyped course. In these letters he seldom addresses his children as "Dear Ethel" or "Dear Kermit;" it is rather "Blessed Ethel" or Quentin or Ted. In his great affection for them a feeling of fatherly benediction was uppermost, and it shows in his expression. It is because he felt things keenly and vividly and never hesitated to reveal a true emotion that his phrases have become a living part of a Nation's speech.

JAPAN AND CHINA

Mr. Myers's reply in your issue of December 10 to my article in The Outlook of August 20 on Shantung is really answered in the same number in which his letter appears. You say, "To refuse to produce food or fuel is an outrage against humanity."

The undisputed fact is that all China needs fuel, that the coal mines in Shantung were never opened or worked until Germany made a treaty with China, signed by the great Chinese statesman Li Hung-chang, by which a concession was granted to Germany of the right—to do what? Not to take anything from China, but to confer a great benefit: to make a harbor, build a railway to the mines, and mine and sell the coal. There was no robbery here. When we got a similar concession from Panama, it was not robbery.

Then Germany foolishly made war. In the course of this war Japan conquered the Germans in Shantung and took the German concession and the improvements which Germany had made. This was lawful warfare. The concession and improvements became the property of Japan. The Peace Treaty, signed by Germany, recognized this title, just as it does the American title to the piers at Hoboken which we took from the Hamburg Company during the war.

> During the war the Japanese built a new city upon lowland surrounding the magnificent inner harbor of Tsingtau. In it the Custom-House, the railway station, several harbors, and numerous industrial plants are now located. . . .
>
> During the twenty-one years since our purchase of the Philippines the United States has not expended there as much money as poor Japan invested in Shantung before the war was over and the Shantung decision made. . . .
>
> Millions of trees testify to German skill in battling against one of China's most serious problems. Were China's countless hills clothed in such forests as form the lovely setting for Tsingtau's fine homes, the Yellow River would purr instead of roar, and flood and famine would be banished forever from the land.—"*National Geographic Magazine*," *September, 1919.*

What possible right has China to take the railway and its terminals and other improvements and the mines which have been opened and developed by Germans and Japanese without paying full compensation for them?

Japan and China ought to be the best of friends. It is an injury to China to foment jealousy between them, to impute base motives, and to attempt to confiscate public improvements. China greatly needs foreign enterprise and capital. Therefore she should be just to foreign investors. Then, and then only, can she expect that they will be just to her.

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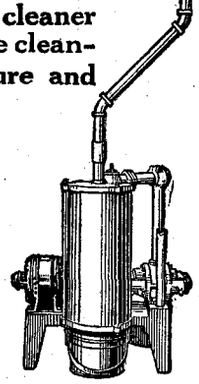

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THE "HUMAN COST" OF THE WORLD WAR

BY HENRY L. SWEINHART

It is a "procedure of doubtful statistical propriety" to estimate the value of the human lives lost in war. This is the admission which is made in an exhaustive report which has just been prepared and issued by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace on the "Direct and Indirect Costs of the Great World War." The author of the report, the first of its kind to be made, nevertheless considers it essential in a study such as he has made to include this element of war cost. The statistics and material, gathered from hundreds of reliable sources, were prepared by Ernest L. Bogart, Professor of Economics of the University of Illinois.

Sir William Petty, in his "Political Arithmetic," published in the seventeenth century, assumed that the mass of mankind, like land, was worth twenty years' purchase, and on that basis concluded that the capitalized value of a whole people—men, women, and children together—was about $400 per capita. Since his time various interesting attempts, as Professor Bogart informs us, have been made to compute the value of "human capital." In his study on "The Cost of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870–1" Sir Robert Giffen estimated the value of the human lives lost at about $3,000 per capita, but did not include this item in his final cost. Estimates of the per capita value of the population of England have been $1,000 by Professor A. Marshall, $1,500 by Dr. Farr, and $6,250 by Professor J S. Nicholson.

In the Carnegie Endowment report the "human cost" is figured in with the monetary drain on the various nations, neutral as well as belligerent, the loss of production, the property losses by land and sea, and all the other expenditures that went into the costly conflict.

The "human cost" is a large factor in the total. It includes civilian as well as soldier loss, for privation, disease, pestilence, and other causes carried off as many who were not actually engaged in the conflict, it is estimated, as it did of fighting men. The loss of the former is believed to have been as great as of the latter; and so Professor Bogart gives equal weight to them in his report.

In his conclusion he finds that the war cost the world the staggering total of $337,946,179,657, which is about equally divided between direct and indirect costs. The "human cost" is one-fifth of the grand total, being placed at $67,102,552,560—half of which is for soldiers, half for civilians.

The "direct costs" are $186,333,637,097; the "indirect costs" being $151,612,542,560, the latter including, in addition to human life, the following items: property losses on land, $29,960,000,000; on sea, $6,800,000,000; loss of production, $45,000,000,000; war relief, $1,000,000,000; and loss to neutrals, $1,750,000,000.

"The figures presented for this summary," he asserts, "are both incomprehensible and appalling, yet even these do not take into account the effect of the war on life, human vitality, economic well-being, ethics, morality, or other phases of human relationships and activities which have been disorganized and injured. It is evident from the present disturbances in Europe that the real costs of the war can-

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not be measured by the direct money outlays of the belligerents during the five years of duration, but that the very breakdown of modern economic society might be the price exacted."

After a careful analysis, based on a computation of value of lives lost and of disabilities suffered, in which the assumption is made that one-half of those reported as "missing" are dead and that fifty per cent of the wounded are half incapacitated, Professor Bogart arrives at his conclusion as to the human loss through actual fighting. As to the loss "back of the lines," he says:

"It may fairly be estimated that the loss of civilian life due directly to war or to causes induced by war equals, if indeed it does not exceed, that suffered by the armies in the field. In view of the facts cited, such an estimate must be regarded as conservative. And yet this does not take into account the appalling effects, some of them unquestionably permanent, of war, famine, pestilence, and disease on the sufferers who did not die. Years, and perhaps generations, will be required before this sacrifice of life can be made good and the populations restored to normal. It has been estimated that to replace the numbers lost by war casualties in the male population between twenty and forty-four years of age will require ten years for the United Kingdom, twelve years for Germany, thirty-eight years for Italy, and sixty-six years for France."

In working out the loss to the civilian population the author declares that, "although many of these were children and old persons instead of men in the prime of life, this fact is offset by the conservative character of the numerical estimate."

The figures used for the various countries in working out the capitalized value of the human loss are those of M. Barriol, a French actuary, who a few years ago estimated the average social value of an individual in the following countries to be: United States, $4,720; England, $4,140; Germany, $3,380; France, $2,900; Austria-Hungary, $2,720; and Russia, $2,020. Professor Bogart places Belgium on a par with France, and puts the other belligerents with the lowest estimate, that of Russia.

On this basis Russia was the greatest loser, because the numerical toll was more than 4,000,000 men, and its loss therefore from this standpoint more than $8,000,000,000. Then followed Germany, with $6,751,093,700; France, with $4,818,195,000; England, with $3,477,102,560; Austria-Hungary, with $3,080,400,000; Italy, with $2,384,933,200; Serbia, with $1,530,832,860; Turkey, with $987,353,780; Rumania, with $802,176,340; Belgium, with $796,800,000; the United States, with $517,972,800; Bulgaria, with $215,406,740; Greece, with $75,750,000; Portugal, with $12,821,000; and Japan, with $608,020. The human loss of Japan was only 301 [illegible].

The human losses, declares Professor Bogart, are not only enormous, "but the most real of all the burdens of war;" and for this reason he considered that, in spite of "doubtful statistical propriety," it was "desirable to make a comparison of the costs involved in these losses." Admitting that it may be an imperfect estimate, he holds that it may convey to the mind "some idea of the loss sustained which could not be definitely stated in any other way."

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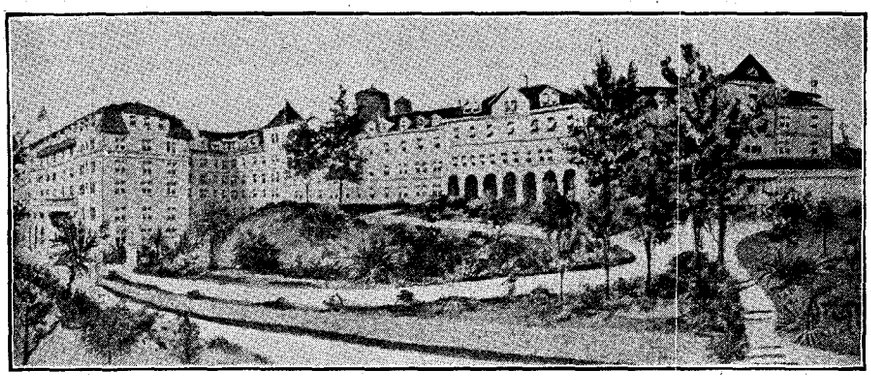

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THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

"QUEERING" THE PIE—AND THE FARM

When attending school once in the country, I knew a boy who worked for his board near by. He was a descendant of one of the best families in the town, but he showed such degenerate and tricky ways that he was obnoxious to right-minded boys. One story told of him was that he would sneak into the pantry, remove the upper crust of a pie, eat out the mince-meat, and then replace the top. The pie looked natural at a glance, but when examined it was found that the best part had been stolen. A transaction which has just taken place reminds me of this story. It is but characteristic of many of the shrewd practices which obtain hereabouts, and public sentiment seems impotent to prevent such.

A few weeks ago a good, sound, substantial young farmer appealed to a local bank for a loan in order to buy a place such as a man of his ability could handle. He knew of the future value of the timber thereon, and believed, as he had had an exceptional experience in the selective cutting, thinning, and marketing of that kind of crop, that the trees on this farm could winter by winter be so cut in a careful, conserving way. He evidently did not get encouragement from the bank, as a middleman operator in an adjoining town bought the place. Now the common opinion is that "another good farm is to be skinned of its valuable timber and the place is to be worked off upon some stranger." When the timber is not cut off at once, the real estate manipulator reserves what is growing or else reserves both the timber and the land upon which it stands. Sooner or later the purchaser feels that he has been robbed, bought something of a gold brick, becomes disheartened and discouraged. When he finds that he has been played as a sucker on such a deal, and then questioned by a "leading citizen" why he brought his "family of children away off here," is it any wonder that he becomes distrustful of the town and its people, and leaves, sacrificing on his investment.

Such deals take place far too often. The purchaser of a farm may hold on a while, and then resell at a sacrifice, or he may be obliged go away, losing the few hundreds he has put in. The unscrupulous real estate man sells such a place again and again, and continues to secure an unfair profit. Such practices, however, give the whole region a black eye, not only callousing people in ideas of right or wrong, but as to those of real business principles. It seems as though particular interests or individuals in such practices created sentiment to promote this form of parasitism. Banks and business men have responsibilities to the public. Why did they refuse to help a man who not only knew general farming but had had special training [illegible] success in logging off trees in the [illegible] economical way? Do they prefer t[illegible] with a middleman whose operation[illegible] compel the wasteful methods of lu[illegible] jacks who have but a present wage interest to dealing with a farmer who would have an owner's interest in the future crops as well as those of to-day?

Through the lawless appetite of the boy the pie was "queered." Should a farm naturally endowed with all that makes for the best life and development of a family be thus jeopardized? Sooner or later in every community the better element wakes up to a most vigorous protest against these practices.

PAUL W. GOLDSBURY.

Warwick, Massachusetts.

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The Greatest Thing I Ever Did for My Boy and Girl

By James H. Blake

Through it we have found the secret of a happy home

ONE night, just about a year ago, I met Barrett, our Sales Manager, as I got out of the elevator on my way home.

"Going out?" I asked. "If so, I'll take you right to your door."

"Fine!" he replied heartily. "Can you wait just a second? I wouldn't dare go home and face the kids tonight without St. Nicholas. I left it on my desk."

I felt a mild curiosity as to why Barrett should be concerned over a mere magazine. When he returned I asked him about it.

"If your children knew St. Nicholas, you would understand," he said. "It is *some* magazine, let me tell you," he added. "Our subscription expired with last month's issue and I've forgotten to renew it, so Helen and George made me promise this morning that I'd bring it home with me tonight or else go back down town after dinner and get it!

"I never knew a boy or girl from eight to eighteen years who didn't drop everything else when St. Nicholas arrived! And the beauty of it is that it's *good* for them. Helen and George had been reading some pretty poor stuff, but found that clean stories can be just as thrilling as any.

"But they found much more than stories in St. Nicholas. St. Nicholas League was a great find for both. Helen was beginning to write verses and George could draw. With the stimulation of the League, they developed their talents and within a few months both had sent work which was published in the magazine and each proudly wore a silver St. Nicholas League badge.

"St. Nicholas gives them a clear idea of world events because these are treated in a way they understand. And St. Nicholas develops a taste for other good reading.

"I tell you, Mr. Blake"—he pulled the copy out of his pocket—"this magazine just about—well, it has simply *transformed* our home!"

Somehow the story of Barrett and his youngsters stuck in my mind, and that evening, before going to bed, I slipped into the library and sent a check for $3.00 for one year's subscription to St. Nicholas. My two children needed just such a companion.

I'll never forget the evening that first number came! Together we spent the whole evening going through St. Nicholas. After dinner my wife joined us, and we had a delightful time together!

That was more than a year ago, and today St. Nicholas means more to us than ever! Through it we have found the secret of a happy home. It has strengthened our affection for each other by giving us common interests and creating mutual sympathy and understanding and confidence, which nothing can ever again destroy!

How about *your* boy and girl? Are they growing with you or away from you? Are you caring for their bodies and neglecting their minds?

Will you invest $3.00 to help your boy or girl become the kind of a man or woman *all* we parents want our boys and girls to be? You need not write a letter. Simply clip and mail the coupon with your check.

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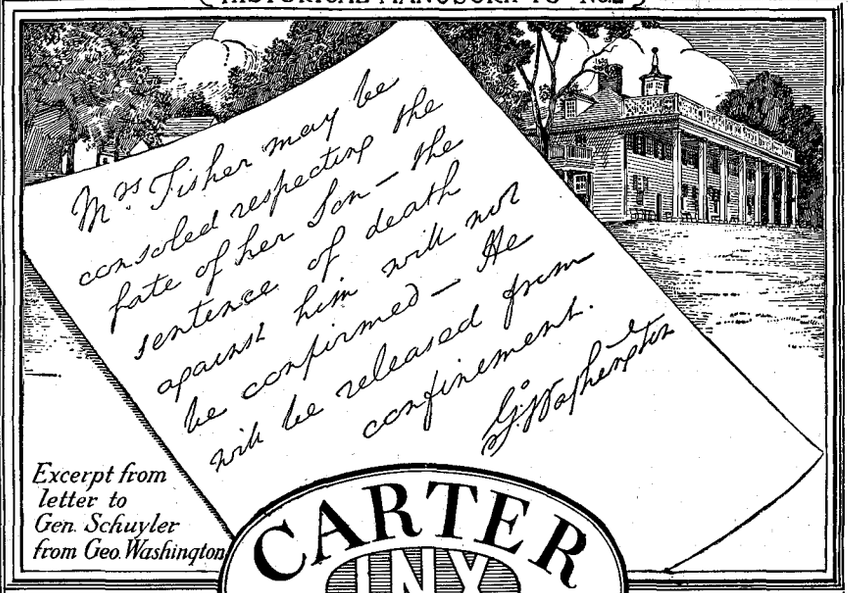

Excerpt from letter to Gen. Schuyler from Geo. Washington

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